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Cyril Connolly, author of "The Condemned Playground." (See Page 7)

Blueprint for Survival

By JOHN D. VOELKER

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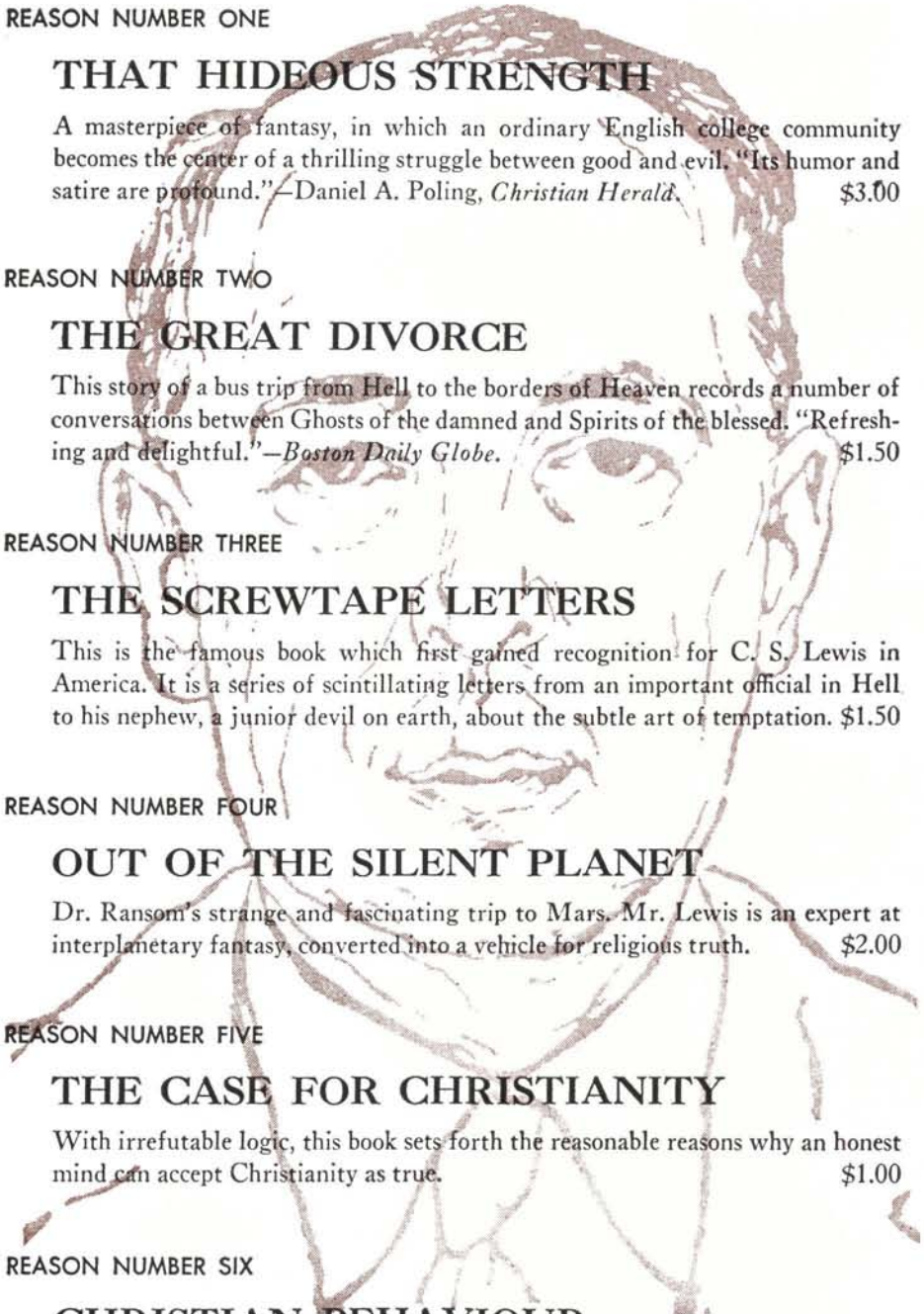

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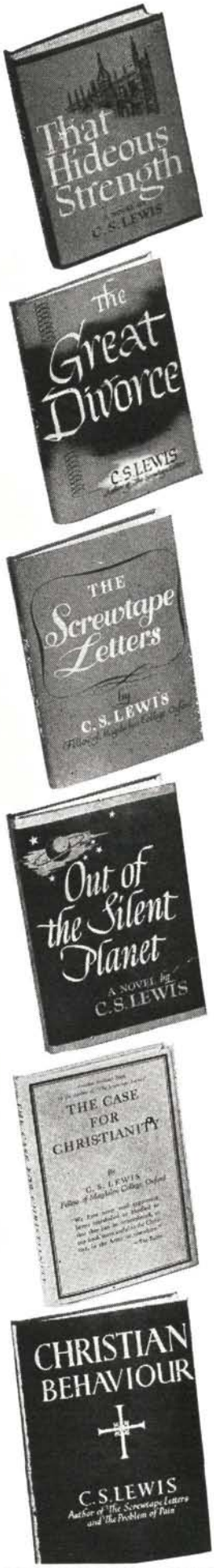

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"gives the reader a sense of completeness current fiction rarely communicates." —*New Yorker*

Anne Goodwin Winslow's

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"More than a story, *Cloudy Trophies* is a group portrait of four persons, Richard Steele, Southern Senator, and the three women whose lives he dominates. . . . It has pity for humankind . . . knowledge and understanding . . . laughter that is crisp but never sardonic . . . the clear beauty of a cultivated mind. . . . For beauty of language, for penetration of characterization, *Cloudy Trophies* is a joy to read."

—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

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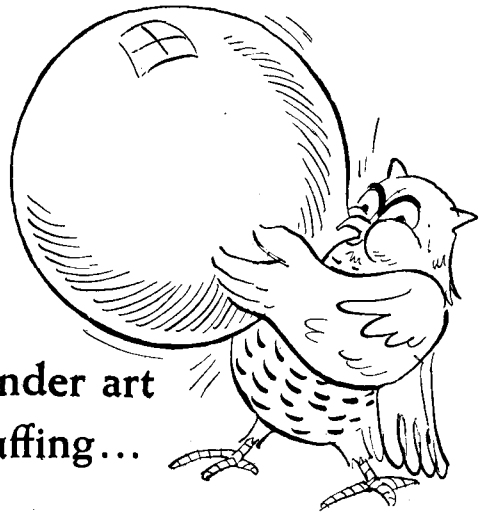

The tender art of puffing...

DESPITE the fact that office space — to say nothing of lebensraum—has been at a premium these past years, we had a long spell of vacancy where a children's book editor now reigns. She has been working in the vineyards for almost a year, and her first fruits will come to market this fall. A Junior Literary Guild choice leads the list, but that's a story for another time.

The story this time is the result of a conjunction of orbits: one, the May-June Horn Book Magazine (which our children's book editor says richly deserves to be far better known than it is for its excellent articles about writing for young people and criticism of their books), and two, seeing *The Critic* as performed by the Old Vic.

Mr. R. B. Sheridan had a good way with words, and the following are pertinent to a favorite theme of our editor's, namely, the subject of book criticism. We give you Mr. Sneer, the unhappy author, and Mr. Puff, the critic who calls himself "a professor in the art of puffing":

Sneer: But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession?

Puff: Mystery, sir! I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer: Reduced to rule!

Puff: O lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid! —Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique or puff by implication.

Mr. Puff's solemn elaboration of these varieties of criticism delighted our editor enormously!

She has long been properly annoyed with all sorts of puff (except powder) and Howard Pease in the Horn Book corroborates her own feeling. This is deep-rooted as a result of her experience in the field as librarian, teacher, translator, and editor. And before any of her word-and-picture children are scored by Puffs and Sneers, she wants to go on record as saying that children's book "criticism" is all too often not criticism.

Mr. Pease, in his article called "An Author's View of Criticism," puts it more kindly. "Few of us realize," he says, "how difficult criticism is. . . . Criticism will always be personal and inexact. . . . Our minds, fortunately, are not like chain drug stores stocked with identical goods. Each one has his own accumulation of ideas and experiences; hence one person's reaction to a novel, a play, a movie, a painting, will be different from another's. . . . It is only when we have finished reading a book that we can judge it, and then we can only think back; and what we remember most vividly may not be what other readers remember." Mr. Pease goes on to show that this must be more true of youthful than of adult readers.

But our children's book editor goes even further. She mutters, for instance, about the puff direct, but all-inclusive, which says, "Here is a book children will love." Children are as varied as they are numerous, ranging broadly in age from infants to sixteen and changing in comprehension and experience from month to month, almost day to day. They live in cities, villages, the country, obviously in all sorts of social and economic conditions; in the North, the South, the East, the West, the mountains, the plains, the seashore. This variety of experience influences their individual interest and their ability to enter imaginatively into the experiences of others. Mr. Pease is fully aware of these complications. His analysis of the criticism of fiction, to which he limits his discussion, is thoroughly fresh and sound and definite.

There are, at least, three kinds of reviews of children's books—the notice, simple and informational; the descriptive review which tells the story and little else; and the truly critical review. Each has its place but only the last has constructive value to writers, to editors and to readers who are concerned with quality and flavor as well as plot. Children's books require the same critical appraisal as adult books—and then some. Why? Because children's interests are not yet channeled, their characters are not yet mature, their horizons have not stopped stretching on and on. We are ready to admit that some adults hold tight to that eager curiosity for learning and knowing, but mostly that is the child's prerogative. It is the reason for the eternal "Why, mummy?" and it's the rock on which so many critics of children's books stumble. Some critics, and often as not it is the young ones themselves, do right by the books. They get inside them and give the review reader an idea of the feeling in the book. That, after all, is the sum and substance of what any children's book editor asks. Ours says flatly that there is no book that *all* children will like, and there is no book that will not find *some* grateful readers. But let us (and this is the only place we would pay to print this) have puffing of the good sort found in the pages of the SRL.

But what would we ever do without reviewers? To Mr. Sneer's question, "And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?" Mr. Puff retorts, "O lud, yes, sir! The number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Blueprint for Survival

JOHN D. VOELKER

LIKE men all over the world, since last August I have lived in a sort of brooding and quietly desperate dread of the Thing. One reason, you see, is that I have a wife and three growing children. It is as simple as that. And I think I was given my fair allotment of compassion for humanity. At any rate I have lain awake, night after night, pondering how men might survive along with the split atom. What to do? What to do? Constantly I have swung full circle back to the notion of a world state. But even the most eloquent advocates of an ultimate world state concede that its realization may take years to accomplish. What are they and the other plain peoples of the earth to do during the presumably long and dangerous period of transition? What if we are *never* able to achieve an effective world state? If, as our scientists have bluntly warned us, the burning issue is simply one of planetary survival, what positive steps may men now take in the direction of survival?

I feel in my bones that any effective thinking about the atomic problem requires that we get down and dredge in the raw fundamentals, the very well-springs, of human behavior. It must be a plain case of elemental man grappling with elemental force. To meet and to overcome this strange force I think we must bravely struggle to build on human nature as it is, not on what we might like it to be. We must realize once and for all that the basic fear is man himself, not the force. Any other thinking can only lead to appalling results. What are some of these fundamental truths of human behavior as they may affect our problem?

Here is one, so simple, so wryly true, that it is often overlooked in the shuffle: If it be true, as we are told, that any future war may be fought from great hidden laboratories, is it not equally true that future wars, as were past wars, will still have to be started by men? I think we must accept the affirmative answer as an unassailable and obvious human truth. Yes, whatever may be the obscure origins and devious causes of wars, they must always be started by men.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A New Force in the Atomic World

Started by what men, then?

This brings me to the plan which I have finally evolved. I think that with courageous world leadership it is entirely feasible. I am afraid, too, that it is the only way. My plan falls into two related phases, each of which I shall develop in its natural order, largely by question and answer.

First of all, I propose the international isolation of any man or group of men who may now exist or who should later arise in the world and give evidence that they would employ atomic energy in the form of aggressive weapons.

Who would these men be most apt to be?

A dictator or group of dictators. You knew it all along.

What is a dictator?

A dictator is an international brigand, a political mobster, heading a gang which gags and seizes control of a nation and a people and operates under a "front" which may cynically allow itself to be called, among other things, a socialistic or communistic state, a monarchy, or even a democracy. The ideological label is utterly unimportant. Much as a shabby prostitute attending a christening might assume the garb and airs of a fine lady, so a dictatorship will often blandly assume before the world and its own blinded people the false trappings of a government in which the people seem to have a voice.

Every dictator in history has been a notorious exhibitionist, tub-thumper, and blatant publicity hound. Since Daguerre his face has been everywhere. It is his way to power. The more ruthless his regime the more sensitive he is about personal and national "honor." The world tragedy is that he can only live by expanding, like a monstrous sort of pouter pigeon. Remember the author of "Mein Kampf"? Yes, even a near-sighted cretin could spot a dictator in a coal-bin at midnight. It is our small comfort, then, that in this day no man on earth can rise to great dictatorial power in an area capable of grand scale aggressive use of atomic weapons without the bitter knowledge of all mankind.

WHAT do you propose to do with this knowledge and with present or future dictators?

I propose that an appropriate international organization will proceed to the border of an area possessing a dictator who is throwing too much weight around and demand his immediate surrender. For example, refusal or evasion of free inspection privileges to an international military and scientific atomic panel would be presumptive evidence of bad intentions and the necessity for the possible isolation of the dictator and the international quarantine of his country. Unless an emergency existed, a world election could even be held on the issue. (The ballot on this international referendum could also include the possibility of war.) The international organization would serve adequate notice on the country of the domicile

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of the dictator of its intentions; coupled with further notice that appropriate counter measures would promptly be taken if the candidate for removal or his country should jump the gun before or during the balloting, and start hurling atomic bombs at the rest of the world.

But what if our dictator won't coöperate and surrender?

If the dictator will not voluntarily surrender then his country may be given a stated time to deliver him, say, at the border. Following that, if he still is not surrendered, it may be decided, either by the suggested international referendum or by other means, that armed force—but not atomic force—may be used to take him into custody. This international organization could readily be fitted into the present United Nations.

But wouldn't this lead to warfare?

If a bailiff armed with a properly authorized warrant to pick up a mad dog is precipitating war, then, yes, this might lead to warfare.

Once you've got hold of your dictator what do you propose to do with him? Execute him?

Heavens, no. Simply remove him from his country of operations as a permanent guest of the international organization. Treat him with all the kindness due to a very sick man. The fact that his country will know that no physical harm will befall him should greatly lessen the danger of armed conflict to obtain him. The country itself can be placed upon strict international probation until it is nursed back to international health.

But suppose a country does aggressively employ atomic weapons? You speak of "appropriate counter measures." What are such measures?

This brings us to the second and probably the most controversial phase of my program. I propose to treat a country or a people that would wage aggressive atomic warfare as one would treat a mad dog. I propose to fight fire with fire. I propose that the world shall serve notice on all of its inhabitants that the wages of atomic warfare is death.

I earnestly propose that the heartland of any country waging aggressive atomic warfare shall be instantly destroyed by counter atomic attack. Every country on earth must make a solemn pact to turn upon and instantly destroy the first offending nation. One who would subdue and conquer any single part of the world by atomic weapons must be made to realize that first he must be prepared instantly to destroy *all* of it, and henceforth squat in solitary grandeur on a stinking desert island. And I do not believe that any incipient world conqueror will enjoy contemplating his role of lonely dominion over a smoking world; especially in a world which, by hypothesis, would lack the ego-massaging effects of a fearful and trembling audience.

IN the Atomic Age every single human being on earth, every beating heart, has a crushing personal responsibility to prevent aggressive atomic warfare. This must now include direct moral responsibility for one's government and the actions of one's leaders. No longer may any man on earth shrug and sigh and dismiss the ways of his government as an insoluble mystery beyond his ken. We have got to add an Eleventh Commandment. It is the very core of my plan that a people who will permit a mad dog to rise to power in their midst must be made to know—indeed, out of plain human decency should be gravely forewarned—that the possible penalty is not desolation and death to the rest of the world but to themselves.

In the new Atomic Age there are going to be but two kinds of men and two kinds of countries: Those that would forever forswear the use of atomic energy as a weapon of aggression and those that would either remain indifferent to the issue or refuse to forswear such use of atomic energy. The former are good men and good countries; all others are bad. That must be the simple ethics of the Atomic Age. It cannot be made a matter of politics or party or spheres of influence or political ideology. If our own government should be inclined to repeat a Hiroshima, we must

(*Continued on page 26*)

Bed-Time Story

By Melville Cane

ONCE there was a spaniel
By the name of Daniel,
And a pig,
Sig,
And a pussy,
Gussie,—
She chased a mouse,
Klaus;
And a squirrel,
Errol,
And a white she-bear,
Claire,
And a Scotch lion,
Ian,
And a very fierce shark,
Mark.

You'll agree, my dear,
They were rather a queer
Assortment
Of temperament and deportment.

And yet,
My pet,
In spite of their diversities
And perversities
Both zoological
And ideological,
They all gathered together
One day, when the weather
Was especially frightful, and decided
It wasn't safe to stay divided
Any longer, and that they should,
For their common good,
(Rather than risk another calamity)
Try amity.

And that's the way there began to dawn a
Plan they christened UNITED FAUNA.

* * *

"And did they live happily ever after, daddy?"
I'll tell you the rest tomorrow. Good-night, dear.

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The Day of the Doomed Men

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND. By Cyril Connolly. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 287 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

ALL art is escape. And we must be proud, not ashamed of that fact. Proud whether we are of the small company of artists or the larger company of those who enjoy art. A fatal timidity was responsible for tacking a bad meaning to that good word "escape." For from what has man, since he first began to walk with difficulty upright, tried to escape? From prison. From tyranny. From hide-bound custom. From the Old Man's dreary repetition of tribal shibboleths. From tabus, conventions, and that security which is the opposite of true safety. Indeed it does not matter much, to the inquiring spirit, from what man seeks an escape: what matters is into what he escapes.

When Homer (4F because of poor eyesight) sat by the hearth of some returning warrior and sang the first staves of the "Iliad," he helped his hearers to escape from the stench and turmoil and incredible muddle of the battle-field into a land where, in recollection, the torn bodies, the mud-bespattered soldiers, the high shrieking stallions, the rain of spears and the thud of swords, the grunts and sweats and oaths of fighting men suddenly took on a reasoned beauty: as he sung, Achilles and Patroclus, Hector and Andromache were living figures in a tragic pattern. Helen herself escaped from the gossip columns of the *Ilian News* and grew into the figure of eternal loveliness—*das ewig weibliche* was to be her German title—Helen, the always sought, the never found until in far-off Egypt Odysseus, visiting the land of the Pharaohs, discovered her, the goddess, in the temple of Hathor at Heliopolis.

There was an odd sense of guilt in the younger critic (and other authors) of the twenties. Any critic who caught himself delighting, idly perhaps, in the book he was reading, suddenly muttered "escape literature" and tore the book to pieces in his review. Mr. Connolly is never as silly as that: but he was infected by that little worm of scholiast pedantry, and made his obeisance to the god of—what? After all, a man who doesn't escape simply stays put: and an artist who stays put can only produce sterile ornament, as did the Latin poets of the Silver Age. In the earliest essay in this collection—Mr. Connolly reprints work of the years from 1927, when he was twenty-four years old, to 1944—he says:

> Of course there is no law compelling anyone to belong to his period; but not to belong to it, is to take sanctuary, to eke out a whimsical existence and an archaic style in a half-timbered Utopia, visited, like an Elizabethan teashop, by the most insipid of the public one would wish to avoid.

This is from an article on James Joyce, his "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake," then in progress. It is a remarkable essay for so young a man: in reprinting it Mr. Connolly puts himself at his reader's mercy: for I don't think he would now make that banal remark about the author's "period." He is a devotee of the Augustan period in England—especially the first half of the eighteenth century. Whose period is that age? For him Chesterfield's, Pope's, Congreve's "the high eighteenth century is too romantic, too elegant, and, above all, too

rich." For most of us "The Rape of the Lock" is "rich" and "elegant" enough; but apart from that, surely the period is shot with colors remote from those favored by Mr. Connolly. There are the Wesleys and Isaac Watts, there are Defoe and Goldsmith; William Law and Bernard Mandeville; George Berkeley and Joseph Butler; John Gay and Christopher Smart. This is on Johnson. The invention of artistic periods is the privilege of historians when they look back and seek to arrange events into something neater than reality's untidiness; a contemporary is aware only of men and of movements. And frequently the greatest men, who may belong to no movement, are against the prevailing spirit of their age—in literature, for instance, Jonathan Swift and William Blake.

"The Condemned Playground" is Mr. Connolly's name for his own period—the period also called the time of the doomed men, or the day of the hollow men—though it has ended not with a whimper but with the most terrible bang in man's history. The doomed men had many literary gods, for many of whom Mr. Connolly weaves garlands not innocent of thorns. Joyce, Proust, Gide, Pirandello, Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley—it's an odd pantheon, even without such newcomers as Auden, McNiece, and Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Connolly, in a brilliant final essay written between 1940 and 1943, turns on two of his old idols.

> I have lately been reading both Joyce and Proust with considerable disappointment; they both seem to me very sick men, giant invalids who, in spite of enormous talent, were crippled by the same disease, elephantiasis of the ego. . . . Proust . . . put himself over as a reasonable, intelligent, kind and sensitive human being, when his personality was in fact diseased and malignant, his nature pathologically cruel and vacillating, his values snobbish and artificial. . . .

As usual the ex-devotee is too savage, and so unfair. I have the greatest admiration for Proust's masterpiece; but I find it amazing that any reader of, say, "Albertine Disparue" could ever have thought her creator was anything but a very sick man.

There is no space to do more than praise the brilliance, the wit, and the frequent insight of many of these essays and parodies. Only two general observations on Mr. Connolly as a critic must be made. He is not a Matthew Arnold—he is at once too gullible and too impulsive; but he continues Arnold's tradition by his enthusiasm for France and French art. That he is sometimes a little over enthusiastic, and unfair to British artists, is of small importance—a covey of critics is ready to praise home-made articles. Here we have one who, as in the essay on Gide, in the longer paper on French and English cultural relations can plead well and wisely for a renewal of the natural ties between France and Britain. Here is a keen summons against insularity, against isolation.

It is the more curious that Mr. Connolly so consistently ignores, except for a slight reference here and there, one element which helps to bring those cultures together. He knows that some artists are passionate Christians; he has read, one must presume, T. S. Eliot, François Mauriac, Charles Dubos, Bernanos, Maurice Baring, Hilaire

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 641)

HORACE WALPOLE:
TO [SIR] HORACE MANN

*I hope these new mechanic meteors will prove only playthings for the learned and the idle, and not be converted into new engines of destruction to the human race, as is so often the case of refinements or discoveries of science.

*Balloons; London, Dec. 2, 1783.

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Belloc, Charles Williams, Claudel. He can hardly fail to recognize how great an influence on French thought and French action was made by Léon Bloy, who wrote as Van Gogh painted. Yet he makes no effort, in writing of the past or the present, to estimate the part played by Christianity and the Catholic revival. Here he remains, indeed, an insular Victorian, a typical product of the great public school whose tragic and atrophying effects on the mind he analyzes in "The Fate of an Elizabethan," a tribute to a contemporary Etonian, Anthony Lytton, Lord Knebworth. A French reader will no doubt be flattered to read what Mr. Connolly says of Voltaire:

> He may not perhaps have been the most intelligent man who has ever lived, but certainly he is the one in whom intelligence has best combined with vitality; his mind moves in everlasting daylight.

But any good French critic of today, whether he were himself Christian or not, would murmur, I fancy, "But, . . . Erasmus? Thomas More? François de Sales?" He might even doubt if the "daylight"—if it be daylight—of "La Pucelle" showed as acute an intelligence or as abiding a vitality as the strange light of "The Dream of Gerontius."

This lack in Mr. Connolly's sympathy is the odder because at times he sees so clearly the chief vice in modern art. In a sentence it is the exaltation of self-expression over communication. Now for that the one cure would seem to be a return to religion: nothing else can effectively deal with "elephantiasis of the ego"; and unless we get rid of that disease, unless an artist escapes from self-contemplation, we shall not succeed in restoring art to its rightful position as man's great social activity. And all over the world there is evidence that creative artists are, consciously or instinctively, becoming convinced that there's no escape from a sterile egotism except in the contemplation of God. Of course this does not mean necessarily a return to Christianity; but it does mean purely humanist or psychological values must be superseded by spiritual or mystical values. At times, as in his essay on Maugham and E. M. Forster, Mr. Connolly would seem to see this; but his temperament prevents him from grasping its full implications. He has discovered Kierkegaard—no doubt he will be shocked by the suggestion that a later Connolly, a hundred years from now, will discover G. K. Chesterton and, among non-Christian mystics, that lonely and prophetic poet Robinson Jeffers.

The War that Never Ends

PAPER BULLETS. By Leo J. Margolin. New York: Froben Press. 1946. 149 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JEROME E. KLEIN

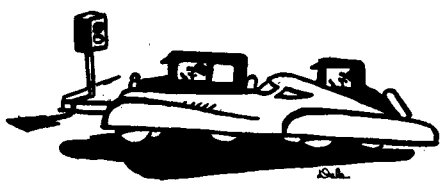
THIS book is much more than a history of war propaganda on both sides; it is a declaration of the importance of ideas in a modern world where easy transmission of these ideas makes them potent weapons of man and his governments.

Margolin tells much that is already known by every GI who has been overseas and heard or seen enemy propaganda, and he tells much that should be known by both GI's and civilians when he points out so clearly what fools most Americans have been in furthering the hatreds and prejudices sown on our soil by the enemy. The Nazis knew, as Dr. Goebbels pointed out, that "no other country has so many social and racial tensions." Margolin, in his concrete reporter's style, gives us detailed descriptions of how during the war and after—right now—the Nazis did and do play upon these tensions. And, as one German propagandist told the author, "It will not be necessary for us to return to America for some years to come. What we have done there will hold indefinitely."

Few of us who were overseas with the armed forces saw as much propaganda from the enemy or from our side as Margolin shows and describes in his book. In fact, we rarely saw or heard our own propaganda except for the *Passierschein* or safe conduct pass which thousands of Germans attempted to use to assure themselves not only of their lives, but of Allied food and shelter as well. More than one-third of Margolin's book is made up of this interesting collection of "paper bullets" used both by the enemy and ourselves.

The author properly starts his book with a "translation" of propaganda. "To Americans, propaganda has always meant a horrible, nasty word like spit. It always had a foreign meaning and we consider it only good for foreigners. Yet we Americans have been exposed to propaganda under a different name in our everyday life. We call it advertising."

All of us who were overseas discovered that "America is still a faraway myth to most peoples of the world." And certainly the impressions carefree GI's and Hollywood movies gave foreign peoples are far from accurate. Margolin visited seven countries and found this to be true; I visited six while in the Army, and certainly agree with him.



There is a solution which the author, who was with the Overseas Branch of the OWI and with the PWB-AFHQ, has to offer:

> We are well aware that the right words properly put together delivered at the right spot at the right moment, can capture and kill. Why not use words and ideas as an instrument of peace, rather than as an instrument of death?
>
> Why not, then, the establishment of a U. S. Department of Information on the same status as the War Department? Why not a U. S. Department of Information to police the world with words of truth?

Margolin's book is a reporter's report on the power of his commodity —words and ideas—capably and dramatically used to conquer the minds of peoples. He offers us a solution on how to wage wars in a civilized manner. We have the ideas; we have the power and the prestige in international affairs, and we have the most powerful public opinion in the world.

All we need to do is to use the media already available, media which helped to win a war and did save thousands of American lives—radio, wire services, newspapers, magazines, leaflets. During the war, we appealed to the peoples of nations over the heads of their rulers, by delivering to them a precious product—truth. We can use the prestige established during the war years to appeal to the peoples of nations over the heads of politicians who threaten to experiment with atomic war and world destruction.

This book helps us to see what is happening right under our noses both in the United States and occupied Germany. All GI's have experienced with greater or less disgust the conversion by the German *fräuleins* of some American soldier into a violent anti-Russian. All GI's have heard other GI's tell *fräuleins* not to associate with a man in their unit because "he is a Jew," or that Jews are hated in the United States.

"Paper Bullets" is the first book of general interest published by Froben Press, which for thirty years published books in the field of medical history. This departure from their specialty contributes much to an understanding of the causes of disunity and short tempers among the peoples of the world today.

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Mr. Bullitt Sounds a Warning

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF. By William C. Bullitt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 310 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN BARKHAM

MR. BULLITT begins his book with a parable. The night before Allied armies invaded Southern France in August 1944, General Bethouart, a wise Frenchman, mused thus on mankind: "The end of the next World War? The human race is destroyed by atomic bombs. Two aviators remain alive chasing each other round the earth in jet planes. Over a forest in Africa, propulsive energy exhausted, first one, then the other, crashes at the foot of a high tree in the branches of which sit an aged chimpanzee and his mate. The old ape shrugs his shoulders, turns wearily to his wife and says: 'There you are, Ma; now we have to start it all over again.'"

Like all men who look further than this morning's headlines, Mr. Bullitt is deeply concerned with the problem of mankind's survival. What is to be done with this two-legged animal who acts so often like an angry ape but sometimes like a son of God? In this technological age man has acquired a fantastic command over the machine without any commensurate command over himself. Indeed, in an age of moral de-civilization, he holds in his hand, for the first time, the means to commit racial suicide. Will the apes really have to start all over again?

It is the "great globe itself" which is now at stake. This book is Mr. Bullitt's cool, considered appraisal of the state of the world at a climacteric in history. Two colossi face each other across the globe—the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Each is an immense core of power surrounded by satellites. Each preaches a political philosophy antagonistic to the other's. But one represents the evolution of a liberal, tolerant Western democracy, the other is the outcome of age-old repressions and cruelty. Between America and Russia there is a moral and political time-lag of centuries. But the technological time-lag between them may be no more than a generation or two.

Although the book is sub-titled "A Preface to World Affairs," it boils down to a survey of the two titans as they confront each other. Mr. Bullitt has been *persona non grata* with the Kremlin ever since he denounced Russia's predatory foreign policy in a well-remembered *Life* piece more than a year ago. This powerful ramming home of that self-same point will make him a fresh target for communist vituperation everywhere. Says Mr. Bullitt bluntly: the communist creed is fundamentally dedicated to the political conquest of the world—by force, by intrigue, by any means available. It will halt only when confronted by superior power. The United States is the only nation on earth which has that superior power. Ergo, the United States should confront it with superior force or ultimately be itself menaced.

This is how Mr. Bullitt (our Ambassador to Moscow from 1933 to 1936) sets out the dominant aim of Soviet policy from early Lenin to latter-day Stalin:

> Wherever the Soviet Union can advance with impunity it advances. Wherever aggression is difficult or dangerous, it stops. Its appetite is unlimited. Its behavior resembles on a mammoth scale that of the amoeba—the microscopic unicellular animal, consisting of a nucleus surrounded by protoplasm which has no mouth but takes in its food at any point on its surface. The amoeba constantly extends portions of its protoplasm, and if one touches something digestible, the amoeba flows round it and digests it; but if an indigestible grain or grit is encountered, the protoplasm withdraws, and the amoeba extends another bit of protoplasm seeking a fresh victim in another direction.

Mr. Bullitt believes that President Roosevelt threw away a supreme opportunity to compel Soviet participation in the comity of nations. When Russia was staggering under German hammerblows and screaming for Allied help, Roosevelt could have wrung a written pledge from Stalin. He chose instead to rely on America's moral precept to sway Russia. But when victory came Russia was no longer interested in the political morality of the West. And the decisions of Teheran and Yalta were irrevocable. Roosevelt gambled for "stakes as enormous as any statesman ever played for"—and lost. "Few errors more disastrous," says Bullitt, "have ever been made by a President."

How is liberty-loving America to reach a *modus vivendi* with this machine controlled by a button from the Kremlin? It is impossible to fly off into space for lebensraum. Mr. Bullitt believes that we are once more well on the way to throwing aside our power and opportunity for world leadership, just as we did a generation ago. In his eyes the United States stands like the most powerful creature ever to tread this earth, the dinosaur *Tyrannosaurus Rex,* which had a body the size of a locomotive, teeth a foot long—and a brain the size of a banana.

—*Press Association*

William C. Bullitt: "We are beginning to be regarded as a giant with a head of clay."

Nobody doubts our moral decency or benevolence, but everyone doubts our mental capacity. "We are beginning to be regarded throughout the world as a giant with a head of clay."

Western Europeans turn their eyes to Washington and London, whose standards of living and freedom from fear they wish to share. With a compelling logic Mr. Bullitt urges that we unite still-free Europe into a democratic federation open to all states that are not puppets, have democratic governments, and enforce a bill of rights. And we should make it clear that by democracy we mean Western democracy.

From all this it should be obvious that Mr. Bullitt bars no holds, pulls no punches. He makes no charge that he does not buttress with proof. (Communist Party members will writhe at his two long appendices: (1) an impressive list of relatively recent treaty violations by the U.S.S.R.; (2) an even more impressive list of excerpts from the *Daily Worker,* showing party handsprings to keep pace with Kremlin convolutions.)

A year ago most liberals would have denounced a book like this, no matter what the authorities adduced. Today the actions of Russia and her relations with the Western world have given all liberals to pause. Can we afford to keep on giving way? All successful dictators overstep the mark sooner or later. And overstepping the mark in this part of the twentieth century may mean extinction for most of mankind. Bullitt, who knows the score, says: Stop Stalin before it is too late. "The most legitimate use of force on earth is to gain time to permit the growth of moral ideas." With that view this reviewer, for one, has no quarrel.

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Grande Dame in a Crisis

GREAT LADY. By Margaret Mackay. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 410 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

NOT an unusual novel or one that pretends to significance, philosophic, political, social, or any of the other possibilities, "Great Lady" is a very readable story built around an attractive and well developed protagonist, and peopled with a score of believable lesser characters.

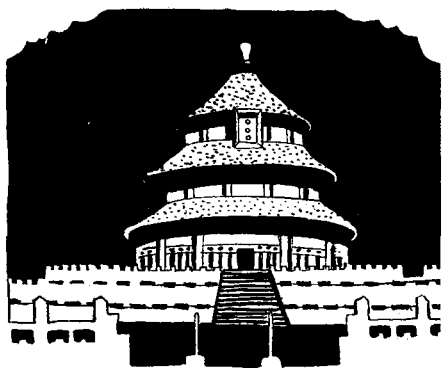
The setting is China—Peking and then the hinterlands. The great lady is Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Felicia Dale, served up, without modern shrinking from the old-fashioned conception, as the complete *grande dame*. "After a lifetime—she was sixty-three—she had become a legend. . . . Her home was known as a 'show place' and her name as one of the several 'great hostesses' of the international community Her monthly receptions were almost as traditional in the life of the old capital as the Legation Quarter or the Peking Club."

It is December 1941 and one of Mrs. Dale's receptions is in full swing as the novel opens. Minor characters, a lieutenant in the U. S. Marines, just arrived from Stateside, and a junior secretary of the American embassy, who never appear again, describe the chief characters and tell the background story of the Dales, especially of Mrs. Dale and her attractive granddaughter Pat, much after the manner of the opening in an old-fashioned drawing-room comedy. This obvious question and answer device, as hackneyed as the phrases and thoughts of the speakers are commonplace, does not somehow annoy.

For it is not only December 1941 but December 7. British, American, French, Belgian, Italian, German, Dutch, Russian, as well as Chinese and Japanese guests are gathered at Mrs. Dale's. Japanese gendarmes have already clumped rudely in and out of the reception.

The story breaks and, via her diary, the reader is taken back to Mrs. Dale's young womanhood and her experiences in the Siege of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion, when in 1900 Chinese forces determined to exterminate foreigners. The Campions —Felicia's maiden name was Campion—and Geoffrey Dale were among those driven into the legation quarters and held there under rifle and artillery fire.

The siege is well imagined and well described. Mrs. Dale ceases to be the august personage who is the object of second-hand observation and lives as a spirited, sensitive, and courageous individual. The reader also begins to understand what it is now sometimes difficult to remember; that people fought, suffered, endured, and that some of them died unpleas-



antly in smaller wars and uprisings than those the world has known recently. The reader is reminded, simply through this novelist's achievement in bringing about this realization through description of a somewhat comparable event, and on no other basis, of Arnold Bennett's story of the Siege of Paris in "The Old Wives' Tale."

"Great Lady" comes back to China in the war just past only after the story of Felicia Dale's early life and her Boxer Rebellion experiences have been told. It is March of 1943 before the Mrs. Dale of the opening reception starts the second great adventure of her career, when this American widow of a British diplomatic attaché and great lady in her own right deserts the internment in her home which has enabled her to write her memoirs.

In Chinese peasant costumes she and the assorted group of foreign residents and old retainers she has gathered about her start the long journey from Japanese-occupied to free China. They traverse the country afoot or donkey-back. They are sheltered and guided by Chinese guerillas, aided by the Chinese underground.

They meet with adventures, hardship, good men and bad. Pat sees, with her grandmother's determined help, which of her two likable suitors on the long trek shows most courage, stability, and kindness. This part of the story is very feminine, as are many of the approaches in other parts of the two-storied novel. So is Mrs. Dale, feminine and mature. These are essential qualities in her well conceived and well conveyed character.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

PLACE-NAMES IN POETRY

In the following twenty quotations from as many different poets, the place-names have been omitted. How many of them can you supply? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. All quiet along the ..... tonight, no sound save the rush of the river.
2. Oh, to be in ..... now that April's there!
3. Oh .....! my country! city of the soul!
4. In ..... did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure-dome decree.
5. Sweet .....! loveliest village of the plain.
6. I reside at ..... and my name is Truthful James.
7. Oh I have been to ..... fair and left my necktie God knows where.
8. And all his men look'd at each other with a wild surmise—silent, upon a peak in .....
9. But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home across the sands of .....
10. It was one by the village clock when he galloped into .....
11. In ..... fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row.
12. Behind him lay the gray ....., behind the Gates of Hercules.
13. No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of ..... swells.
14. Come down to ..... in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
15. Since I left ..... down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm.
16. I like to think about the star ....., so far, so far away.
17. The leaves upon her falling light, through the noises of the night she floated down to .....
18. It looked extremely rocky for the ..... nine that day.
19. She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of .....
20. I will arise and go now, and go to ....., and a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.

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A Premeditated Martyr

EDMUND CAMPION. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 239 pp. $2.75.

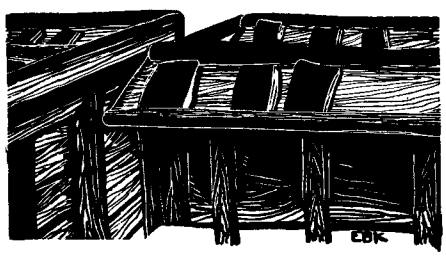
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is the book that Evelyn Waugh wrote to celebrate the rebuilding of Campion Hall, the Jesuit College of Oxford, in 1934, and to express his gratitude to Father Martin d'Arcy, then Master of the Hall, to whom he owes his faith. Winner of the Hawthorndon Prize in 1936, "Edmund Campion" also won limited but respectful attention in the United States when the English sheets were published here in a small edition during the same year. Now that its author's fame has spread through the land, now that the readers of every country have a livelier appreciation than they ever had before of the virtues and vices exemplified in Campion's story, it is fitting that this excellent biography should be printed and made generally available here by the American publishers of Mr. Waugh's increasingly popular fiction. Heroism is as old as man, and men have died for faith since faith has been; but we cannot be assured of these facts too often, nor should the spectacle of mass martyrdom leave our natures so bruised and battered that we are incapable of responding to individual histories such as Campion's.

In the previous paragraph the word "martyrdom" has of course been used in a loose and popular sense, whereas Edmund Campion was a martyr in the strict and Catholic meaning of the word. At seventeen a fellow of St. John's Oxford, and a center of influence in his college, at twenty-six an ornament of the university and a favorite of the Earl of Leicester, this young scholar had only to walk in the way of preferment to enjoy the fruits of royal patronage. But that way was also the Protestant way, which he could not follow. Where others were capable of compromise, he was incapable. Where others could speak aloud what their hearts denied, he must speak without reservation. Pressed to declare himself against the old religion, he left Oxford and his office of proctor in the summer of 1569, hoping to find peace in Ireland; but no peace was there for him, and three years later he was bound for the English College at Douai, that remarkable seminary for English secular priests, which was to prove so devoted an instrument of the Counter Reformation. ("Within a few years of its foundation the seminary was sending about twenty priests a year to England, of whom, before the end of Elizabeth's reign, 160 had died on the scaffold.")

Campion paused but briefly at Douai and went on to Rome, where he was admitted to the Society of Jesus, after which he was sent as a novice to Prague, where he remained until 1580, when he was called back to Rome to act as one of the leaders of the first Jesuit mission into England. The other leader, officially Campion's superior, was Robert Persons or Parsons. Campion had no doubt as to his fate: before leaving Prague, he had already been saluted as a martyr. On June 24, 1580, he landed at Dover. Little more than a year later he was a prisoner in the Tower, charged with treason. Less than six months after that, he was hanged and drawn and quartered at Tyburn. But during the months of his secret mission, with the poursuivants always on his trail, with informers eager to do their dirty work, he brought the sacraments into many a Catholic household, and consolation and courage to many Catholic hearts.

Mr. Waugh tells this story simply, while making no claim that he has produced a work of definitive scholarship. "All I have sought to do," he declares, "is to select the incidents which strike a novelist as important and put them into a narrative which I hope may prove readable." But if he has looked at his subject with a novelist's eyes, he has allowed himself none of a novelist's liberties. He deals in facts and his style is spare, his colors sober. The tensions and excitements of his tale are factual. His eloquence is factual. Wherever there is verbal eloquence in this book, it belongs to Campion himself, as in his address to the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council: "And touching our Societie, be it known to you that we have made a league—all the Jesuits in the world, whose succession and multitude must overreach all the practices of England—cheerfully to carry the cross you shall lay upon us, and never to despair your recovery, while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or consumed with your prisons. The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God, it cannot be withstood. So the faith was planted: so it must be restored."



Writing as a Catholic, Mr. Waugh insists that the mission led by Persons and Campion was solely dedicated to "the preservation and augmentation of the faith of the Catholics in England," that its character was in no way political. It is conceivable that Campion was above the conflict, even in a day when religion and politics were for most men inextricable, but there is no doubt that Persons was a political man, a skilful schemer and an expert organizer. The Counter Reformation was a political as well as a religious conflict, and, whether he willed it or not, Campion was caught up in both aspects of the struggle. There is no doubt that he died for his faith and his faith only: there is little doubt that Elizabeth and the Lords of the Privy Council killed him for what they believed to be his treasonable acts. A pope who was to become a saint had excommunicated Elizabeth in 1580, and the Jesuits who went into England were to inform English Catholics that they could be loyal to the Queen only until a means of deposing her had been found. Nor was this all. In December 1580—even while Campion was caring for Catholic souls in Lancashire and Yorkshire—the papal secretary saw fit to declare: "Since that guilty woman of England rules over two such noble kingdoms of Christendom and is the cause of so much injury to Catholic faith and loss of so many million souls, there is no doubt that whosoever sends her out of the world with the pious intention of doing God service, not only does not sin but gains merit." Such words doomed the Jesuit who was caught by the enemy.

The story of Edmund Campion is an inspiring one, and Mr. Waugh has told it admirably, but a thoughtful reader cannot help reflecting that it is the tragedy of man's nature and his world that the martyrs in the service of Evil have been no less devoted, no less courageous, no less numerous than those in the service of Good.

Empire

By Witter Bynner

EMPIRE is stalking still,
Nature is like that;
But how many birds should a house-cat kill
Before man kills the cat
Or bells him round the neck
And laughs at the sullen eye
Which watches while the birds peck
And sees the birds fly?

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THE WISE THRUSH

EVERYONE knows what the ostrich did with his head and the pile of sand. But no one has asked what was in that sand. The ostrich was trying to escape desert-wide dangers (and obligations) by shutting his eyes to them—but perhaps not just for security. There is more to the story. He had come from a four-year hungry and thirsty journey. And there was a mound and in it probably a hidden spring, or some store of succulent roots, or whatever big greedy birds like ostriches eat (high prices, monopolies, easy money). He was tired of watching the horizon, and running himself ragged for the welfare of the flock. So he shoved in his big bill, forgot the dust storms still far away, and gobbled at whatever he found there. This is not the African ostrich, remember, but the American—habitat Maine to California, scattered individuals everywhere, but a strong tendency to form blocs. Can best be studied in Washington, where sentinel birds collect around the feeding stations. Not much can be done about the ostrich except to dig him up and expose his beady eyes, which are much more indicative of what he is after than his deceptive and prosperous tail feathers.

Much preferable is the robin, who is an honest, serious fellow, but inclined to be hysterical. Hear him squawking through the maples because he remembers that yesterday he saw a cat. Or watch him stalking a worm with one ear cocked at the ground as if some serpent were about to emerge. He forgets to sing, forgets his family, forgets the worm, and runs off after some other emerging disaster. He is better natured than the catbird, who miaows sourly from his bush if you get near enough to interrupt what he is telling the world so dogmatically. And less annoying than the blue jay, who is always flying to where there is trouble, and, if he can't find it, makes it.

The ostrich is rather disgusting, but he is too big to teach, and will learn his lesson anyway when the dust storm hits him (after smothering all the little birds first). It is the American robin who concerns us here, that volatile alarmist (the female is noisier but not so dangerous as the male). He lives by his emotions, and believes everything he reads, the day he reads it. Can he take example from the thrush, who goes his quiet and busy way, intensely observant (watch his bright eyes as he scratches among the leaves), never a show-off, never an alarmist, quite aware of hawks and guns, yet in the evening ready to sing his intelligent, conciliatory song, and so end a day which, if a bird is wise, may have many to follow? He seems to know that hawks have their own values for living which must be respected, if both thrushes and hawks are to stay alive in the same world. He knows they must eat, but does not propose to be eaten himself. If a red cloth flaps on the line the robins scurry shrieking, never noting that it was the farmer's wife who did the shaking because she thought they were after her cherries (as maybe a few of them were). Not so the thrush, who has seen leaves rustling in the wind with no hurricane following, and stuck to his branch, and sung his evening song. There are snakes in the undergrowth, but he knows how to deal with them.

If this were a fable, one might say that the robin, in some fabulous world, had been fed on headlines and the thrush on sounder thinking. Our own human robins have enough to alarm them in the present world situation. Greed, the sense of superiority or inferiority, and most of all distrust with fear at its heart, are epidemic everywhere—as they have been after and before every great war, and will be as long as wars go on. But suspicious and hysterical robins cheep and scream at such manifestations as if they were a cause and not a symptom of world disorder. They have no time to look deeper.

And it is worth looking deeper into the difficulties of this peace we are trying with very little patience to begin for our invalid world. There is a conflict between values in living which may be a more important factor in our negotiations with the Russians, for example, than alleged imperialisms in the East and the West. Values in living are quite different from the bad traits of universal human nature, though quite as hard to manage. They come from a conditioning of the mind, and hence operate independently of fear and anger and aggressiveness, all of which are transitory like recurrent fevers. Nor can any conflict be finally resolved without an understanding of what they are and mean. So the British learned in our Revolution when they failed to take account of the new values in independent living created by environment in the American colonies.

Whatever else may be said of the Russians and ourselves, it is obvious that politically and socially we have different sets of values. It is not a question of good values versus bad values, but of opposite values each arguably good for the nation that holds them. Our long cherished idea that a reasonable freedom of thought and action is indispensable for the full development of the individual has sunk so deep into our consciousness that it has become an emotion. Nothing else (it seems to us) makes up for its loss, and, indeed, for two centuries we have known no experience in which this freedom did not exist, at least as a practicable ideal. The Russians, who have never experienced such freedom in their long history, but an infinity of suffering for the common people of the land, have acquired under the Soviets a new value. It is the value of a life promising freedom from want, and opportunity for all. To get this they are willing to accept a dictatorship of a minority, which is at least far more intelligent than the autocracies of their past. They do not believe that Russia as it is today will ever be ordered except by a dictatorship which denies freedom to the individual while building up the state—and they are probably right. The question is not which of these two sets of values has absolute truth. Perhaps neither. The point is that in negotiations for a harmonious world, this difference in values of living enters subtly or noisily into every negotiation, and must be understood, conciliated, allowed for in advance, if business is to be done. We cannot merge these values at this stage of history; but we can understand them. In international affairs they can be harmonized while retaining their own quality and definition.

Robins are not good at this. They squawk too quickly, are too easily frightened, most of all too impatient. They have been fed on headlines. Thrushes may not end the present turmoils of greed and fear, but at least they stop and think, and try to understand what it is all about before the end of the day and the chance for conciliation arrive. But ostriches have no values above the belly. H. S. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reading for Home Shut-Ins

SIR: I am a shut-in. I have not been out of my home for eight years. This experience has taught me how long and empty the hours of a single day can be.

There are many thousands like me, shut in at home, not too ill to be interested in the world outside, and yet lacking the ability to make direct contact. Much therapeutic work is done for patients in hospitals by donation of books and magazines. There is nothing like that for us.

Reading is, of course, the thread that binds us to the world outside, that keeps us alive and alert, that gives us courage to go on, and hope for the future, and even a small sense of belonging—because we are aware. But few of us have sufficient money to purchase all the reading matter we want and need. Most of us do manage to buy a book or magazines now and then. But there are never enough.

To try to ease this situation, I have thought of a plan which (with the aid of my family) I can put into operation—with your assistance and that of other editors. The plan seems practical enough to me, but of course I do not know your problems, and I offer it humbly, hoping you will find a way to help it work.

I am asking for back-number magazines—any date, any quantity—some now, some more later, as time goes on. I want to be able to send a package of clean, assorted magazines every month to any shut-in who applies, merely for the price of postage. I shall keep files, so that no individual would within the course of a year receive two issues of the same magazine.

Can you help?

MRS. HOWARD L. GLAZER

1685 Ocean Avenue,
Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

In Rebuttal

SIR: In his review of my book, "The Messenger" (*SRL* May 11), the reviewer, Edward J. Jurji, suggests that my biography of Mohammed "borders on the orbit of fiction." To support this, Mr. Jurji quotes a passage from "The Messenger" describing the preliminaries to Mohammed's first marriage.

In defence of this I can only say that I obtained this anecdote originally from the pages of a magazine of which Mr. Jurji is an associate editor (*The Moslem World*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 2, April, 1944).

Mr. Jurji further states that the epilogue to "The Messenger" closes with a section on Mohammed's wives and concubines. This is quite inexact. There is nothing whatever anywhere in the epilogue to "The Messenger" about wives and concubines. In fact, there is no reference to wives or concubines on any of the last eighty pages of the book.

I will not take up your space with other issues in this review with which I disagree. I would, however, like to add that, as stated in the foreword to "The Messenger," Dr. Philip K. Hitti, professor of Oriental languages at Princeton University and author of the standard history of the Arabs, as well as Dr. I. G. Khierallah, publisher of *The Arab World*, went over the manuscript of my book with me. Any passages which they suggested might be inaccurate, I deleted.

R. V. C. BODLEY.

New York, N. Y.

"I can't think of another book that affected me so profoundly."

SIR: Colonel Bodley cites the source of the anecdote related in "The Messenger." I hasten to assure him that this, as well as other parts of his book, seems to have a basis in fact. What I sought to point out, however, in my review was the danger incurred in a book such as this, bordering on the orbit of fiction. The danger I had in mind was that of historical distortion. What else can you expect when an incident that dates back to sixth-century Arabia is dressed up in twentieth-century garb and painted with colors that strongly suggest the manners of current civilization?

Nor is the author's case helped any by an appeal to the scholarly authority of *The Moslem World* quarterly. Less is he really shielded by the argument that his original manuscript passed through the hands of certain scholars in the field. For in the final analysis a book is judged by its own merits. Especially where the author has departed from the beaten path in Islamic studies and struck out on his own, I think he ought to accept full responsibility.

In assuming this responsibility alone, Colonel Bodley may not be said to have failed in his effort. He has given a good account of himself. His sincerity is inscribed on every page. His devotion to the Islamic spirit and the Arab cause adorn the entire volume. To this generation he has brought the fresh interpretation of a great world religion. According to his light, Colonel Bodley has sought in a most creditable fashion to promote international and interreligious good will.

Therefore, while retracting nothing written in my review of the book, I am pleased to have this opportunity to enlarge upon my praise of it, where praise is due. Intended for the general reader, "The Messenger" is a valuable contribution in the field of imaginative literature. The felicity of his style, his recognized talent for selection and assimilation, and his sympathetic tone have enabled the author to make a worthy contribution. As such, "The Messenger" deserves a place of honor in the realm of popular biography.

EDWARD J. JURJI.

Princeton, N. J.

R. D.

SIR: Your reviewer Dixon Wecter dismisses John Bainbridge's job of analyzing *The Reader's Digest*, "Little Wonder," as "much ado about nothing." When any publication reaches the astronomical circulation of nine and a half million, and is used as a text in many schools, it certainly needs to be examined. Bainbridge's book deserves much better consideration. Wecter's review belongs in the *Nation's Business* or some other such respectable organ dedicated to a middle-class, small-town America which no longer exists except in the minds of advertising copy writers. *Reader's Digest* is widely read, to be sure. But so, for that matter, was the *Literary Digest*, R.I.P.

WILLIAM ABSOLON.

Chicago, Ill.

He's Got Him on His List

SIR: Of all the speakers I abhor
(By no means are they few),
Is that offensive talking pest
Who says, "Or what have you."

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

I LUNCHED THE other day in the Algonquin Hotel, but it didn't seem the same without Frank Case. Case *was* the Algonquin. He was the manager when it opened its doors in 1902 (even persuaded the owner to abandon the contemplated name of "The Puritan") and neyer strayed far from it until the day of his death—June 7. His wife had died just a few months before. Woollcott, Broun, Benchley, O. O. McIntyre were gone. George, the head-waiter who treated literary folk like Argentine millionaires and rich bankers like tatterdemalions, had moved on to other fields years earlier. Now, a nostalgic story was ended for good. The magically contrived air of a hospitable, friendly country inn in the heart of New York was dissipated, and the halls suddenly appeared in their true light—slightly musty, hopelessly old-fashioned, more like an Alene Bernstein stage set than a top-grade, present-day hostelry. Hundreds of famous figures in the literary and theatrical world hope that Frank Case's successors will be able to carry on the old traditions—but you don't encounter many people like Frank Case in a lifetime.

He was kind, understanding, efficient, both an accomplished raconteur and a wonderful listener. Although his two books, "Tales of a Wayward Inn" and "Do Not Disturb," were packed with anecdotes about his famous patrons, he spoke so sparingly about himself that in his obituaries *The New York Times* gave his age as seventy-six, the *Herald Tribune* as sixty-nine.

My first visit to the Algonquin was so important to me that I remember the exact date—November 2, 1923. I had entered the employ of Horace Liveright the day before, and when he offered to take me to the Algonquin for lunch I practically swooned with excitement. In the next hour I met George Kaufman, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Parker, Marc Connelly, Myra Hampton, Franklin P. Adams, and Frank Case for the first time. The only one who paid the slightest attention to me—though Lord knows I didn't blame the others—was Mr. Case. He even asked me to come back at five for a drink. When I appeared, and George the head-waiter said, "This way, Mr. Cerf," I felt that I really belonged in the literary world. The next day I had to go off to sell Boni and Liveright books in Springfield and Worcester—and learned very differently.

Frank Case became the owner of the Algonquin in 1927. Nobody will ever know how many patrons he permitted to remain during the depression years "on the cuff." When he suddenly closed the Algonquin bar long before Prohibition came in, he explained that he "didn't want to get rich from doling out liquor." The immediate reason, I believe, was that one of his most celebrated tenants, in his debt for hundreds of dollars, squandered a sizable advance royalty check on a disorderly and interminable brawl, in which, to make matters worse, valuable furniture and glassware were demolished. At about the same time, too, a world-famous novelist, in his cups, backed naked into a hot-water pipe and just missed scalding himself to death. Case sat up with him all night.

The day I saw Frank Case laugh hardest was when I brought the literary editor of the *New Masses* to the Algonquin to interview Gertrude Stein. The set-up was so promising that Case persuaded me to take him along to Miss Stein's suite. Alice Toklas, he, and I sat breathless while Gertrude pinned the editor in a chair and told him, "As far as the general public is concerned, you foolish Communists—and all other people who waste their time with politics—are like janitors. When my flat is warm and clean, and the elevator is running regularly, and the garbage is collected twice a day, I never give a thought to the janitor in the cellar. But—let the hot water fail to run, or the mail be undelivered, and I begin to think, 'That darn janitor doesn't know his job.' If things continue to go wrong, I see that the old janitor is fired and a new one gets the job. It's the same way in government. Let my own life go on undisturbed, and my private affairs prosper—and I don't give a continental whether the government is being run by a Communist, or a Seventh Day Adventist, or a Hottentot. When they start interfering with my own business, however — by heaven, I, and all the other people in the country, suddenly become aware of the men who are mismanaging it. We just go out and get ourselves a new janitor."

By this time, the *New Masses* editor was apoplectic with rage. "Miss Stein," he spluttered, "I came here to discuss your books and your views on literature, not to be called a janitor."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Stein cheerfully, "that's what you are—a janitor. Now run along and get yourself a worth-while job and stop filling your head with a lot of nonsense."

The editor strode forth to demolish Miss Stein in print, and Mr. Case and I rushed off to tell the story. Both of us dined on it for weeks. . . .

"I don't care *what* he charges—For heaven's sake, call that paper hanger right away!"

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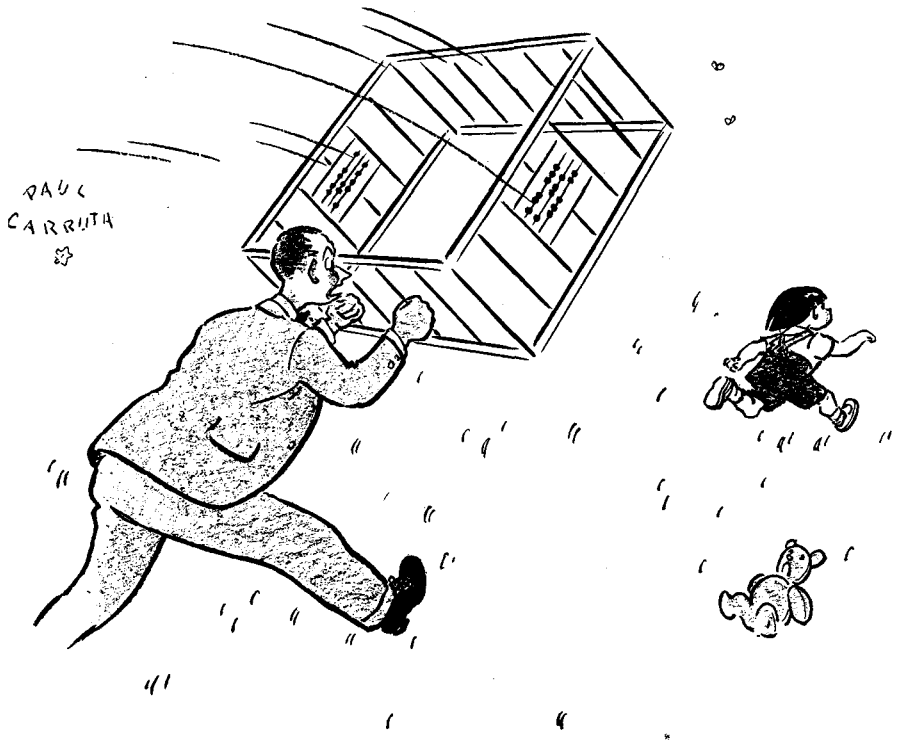


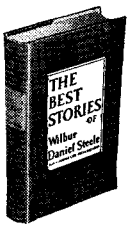
YOU WILL NEVER convince Thomas Heggen that the lot of returning war veterans is difficult. Out of the Navy two months, he landed a fine job at *The Reader's Digest,* sold a novel ("Mister Roberts") to Houghton Mifflin, and placed excerpts of same with *The Atlantic Monthly.* Now MGM is hot on his trail. . . . Like "The Hucksters," Arkady Leokum's forthcoming novel, "Please Send Me Absolutely Free" (Harper's), concerns the advertising business, but all resemblance is said to end right there. Mr. Leokum reports that he took his five-year-old son, Lennie, to see his advertising agency. "When I grow up," said the boy, "I want to do advertising too." "You will," answered Father Leokum, "over my dead body!" . . . A local wit refers to all the sagas of the advertising and radio worlds as "The Little Ulcer" books. . . . Martin Stone, of "The Author Meets the Critics" radio program, having failed to secure an injunction against the new "Books on Trial," both shows now continue on their occasionally merry way, with audiences obviously enjoying the proceedings most when an author or critic really loses his temper. Both programs are a boon to the book business and deserve the whole-hearted support of the publishers. Another fine program is called "It Is Later Than You Think," conducted by Ralph Peterson over Station WHA, Madison, Wisconsin, regularly for the past three years. Although he usually concentrates on two books for each program, Peterson finds time to mention many other new titles every week; he doesn't hesitate to tear into the bad ones either. . . .

THE OWNER OF A quarter-book publishing outfit is viewing with some suspicion a birthday wire he received from a bitter competitor. It reads "Many happy returns of the day." . . . A forthcoming Random House Lifetime Library book will be a one-volume, 1100-page edition of "The Selected Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited and with an introduction by Saxe Commins. . . . Pearl Buck's new novel, "Pavilion of Women" (John Day), has been chosen by the Literary Guild for distribution either in December or January. The October Guild selection is C. S. Forester's "Lord Hornblower" (Little, Brown). . . . Hilda Osterhout, just graduated from Vassar, has won the 1947 Dodd Mead Intercollegiate Fellowship with a novel about modern Mexico, tentatively entitled "Field of Old Blood." . . . Keep an eye open for Barbara Bowers's "Miss Ranskill Comes Home" (Putnam's). It caused a great stir in serial form in *The Saturday Evening Post.* . . .

DALE HARRISON RELAYS the story of a young private secretary who was called on the phone one morning by a lady whose voice was unfamiliar. "I saw your husband in Germany," said the stranger. "Perhaps you will have a bite with me tomorrow so I can tell you all about him." They arranged to meet in a hotel lobby. When the secretary asked, "How will I recognize you?" the stranger told her, "Just look for a tall, gray-haired lady. I'll be waiting for you." That is how she came to have lunch the next day with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



SINCE the First World War, WILBUR DANIEL STEELE has been recognized as a great short story writer. That is a long time, and during it he has received frequent mention, ranging from commendation to high praise. He has also received awards (The Harper Prize Award) and many inclusions in O'Brien's Best Short Stories and the O. Henry Memorial Award collections. One short story, *Footfalls,* has been used as a short story text from coast to coast.

But this is not the place for citation of achievement and rave reviews. The boys downstairs will take care of that. What I want to point out is that for some reason, most people are inclined *not* to reach out with their ten-foot poles to touch short stories. This goes for some writers as well as readers. What is the reason? Why do people instinctively go for the long novel with the sex on pages 67, 189, and boy oh boy did you get to page 415? I think the answer is that it's easier. For some people it's easier to make a long speech than a short one. To one woman who asked where the book department was in the downtown department store where I worked, I said, "It's right over there on the other side of the store." "I don't want to walk all the way over there," she replied, "I'll go to Brentano's instead." For her, apparently it was easier.

The short story is to prose what the sonnet is to poetry: a little, meticulous work of art, which pares down all the extraneous material, and incidentally makes you think a little. Each expert short story writer has his own method of drawing his picture, but every successful short story is one which leaves you with a good deal of thinking still to do, and a sort of emotional shot in the arm. STEELE may remind some of you of Joseph Conrad; others may find in his stories the shock surprise of O. Henry. I find a little of the weirdness of Ambrose Bierce, a great and neglected master of the short story. A good collection of short stories like **The Best Stories of Wilbur Daniel Steele,** is something to have around for those frequent moments in contemporary life when meanings are confusing and you would rather look out someone else's window than your own. No single story here takes long to read, and that too is in tempo with our moments of leisure marked "worthwhile book."

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Gordon in Never-Never Land

THE ASSASSINS. By Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1946. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

MISS TEILHET has a vivid imagination, but it is a pity she chose to imagine a country which already exists, a country which was imagined a long time ago by a far better novelist than the human race has ever yet produced. The story is of espionage in the Far East, say the publishers, but although the plot is certainly full of espionage, it isn't really the Far East as much as it is some strange nightmare country. The publishers also seem to consider "The Assassins" a thriller, probably in that superior class of thrillers which is written with an eye to Literature, but I would not agree with them there either.

She goes in for pretentious style. Her hero is certainly one of the most psychological young introverts who ever worked for OWI or OSS. In the middle of every tense situation Miss Teilhet and her Gordon drop the whole thing, as it were, in order to see Gordon's surroundings in an entirely new dimension or all swelled up or something. Like this, purely at random, a soldier having just conked Gordon on the head with a rifle-butt: "His ear throbbed. He imagined his ear had changed into a tree, the roots of which were extending ever more deeply into his head. The sense of this unwieldy bulk of tree persisted. Somehow it blossomed. It grew red branches, the branches coalescing now into a pagoda enlarged." You get the idea? It goes on, and on, and on, and that is only one selection out of a plethora of such pieces of fancy writing. It is the same irritating device Hardy sometimes used, but Hardy did it only once in a while; Miss Teilhet does it every blessed time things get exciting for Gordon, which is practically every other page. Note, please, that I said exciting for Gordon, not for the reader. Owing to this persistent neglect of Gordon's adrenal glands, the author very early in our acquaintance removed from my heart any sympathy at all for her tall young hero with his scarred face and his way of scrubbing his short-cropped hair whenever he is perplexed. I think she meant to make him lovable, but she failed. Gordon, with his trees and his psychiatric adventures in the midst of physical violence, becomes one of the season's more irritating bores.

Gordon is the son of American missionaries, born in China. His mother left the mission field when his father died, and started a rug factory in North China. An idealist Quaker, she formed of the rug factory an institution suspiciously like cooperative factories as they are described in the brochures distributed from Chinese Coöps' headquarters in New York. Mrs. Allgrove rather anticipated Rewi Alley's reports of his setup down to the smallest detail sometimes and in the most astonishing way, considering that it all happened twenty years or so before the coöps got started.

After the recent war Gordon, for family reasons, goes to China to start up the rug factory again, and also to prove to his wife, whose father is uncomfortably rich and patronizing, that he's not the wet smack he thinks she thinks he is, though if he were not so introverted he would see, as we do, that Cecelia really loves him madly. From then on it gets so wild that I have seldom felt so muddled. It would not be so bad if the book had been out-and-out imagination, like Prokosch's "Asiatics." But Miss Teilhet under the guise of realism commits such gaffes and perpetrates such howlers that the mind is continually distracted. For example, on the train Gordon's carriage contains among other people a nun, possibly Taoist he tells himself, though he has been away so long he has forgotten how to distinguish! Miss Teilhet guessed wrong if she means, as I think she does, that the nuns in China wear various different habits according to their orders, as our Roman Catholic sisters do. They don't, nor are they usually put in charge of children, as are the Roman Catholic sisters, though Miss Teilhet's Chinese nun has two in her care. Gordon starts to light a cigarette, remembers the nun, and desists. This is utter nonsense. Some Chinese merchants on the train, carefully stuffed with food by their loving families before starting out, "exhale odors of sour seaweed and spiced duck." What is the odor of sour seaweed and spiced duck? Chinese don't eat sour seaweed. (Miss Teilhet's idea of edible "bird's nest" is a regular nest, straight out of the tree, its shape unspoiled by cooking!) These gentlemen from Shanghai who are talking Shanghai dialect—"the nasal Shanghai foreign-influenced upper-class tones," says Miss Teilhet, though God knows what that means—suddenly talk straight Mandarin. A jade thumb-ring has a gold band, as she describes it—a fantastic error. Gordon's bed in prison possesses a mattress, stuffed with dry corn husks or cobs, though Chinese beds of course do not have mattresses. All of this foolishness, small as each item is, adds up to a grotesque piece of distortion.

Hildegarde Teilhet "perpetrates such howlers that the mind is continually distracted."

But none of these small things can approach in mysterious what-is-it the picture of Chinese politics which Miss Teilhet presents. She has been reading a lot of books and articles written by excitable Leftists, and this is China as she sees it: a handful of brave guerrillas fighting for their ideals, for justice and democracy, up in the Northwest. These Chinese Communists are not really Communists at all. (Haven't we heard all this before?) Gordon's mother knows that the Chinese Communists are not really Communists; she writes a book revealing this fact, and gets into serious trouble with everybody for saying such a shocking thing. Missionaries among others get angry with Gordon's mother for her book, and for taking sides with these Chinese non-Communists.

Mrs. Allgrove's unpopularity naturally mystifies me, since one of the outstanding facts about the Chinese Communists, all along, has been that almost all the Americans who write about them have been in favor of them. It was especially the missionaries who supported them, until very lately—these last few months, in fact.

This use the author has made of the Brooks Atkinson-Harrison Forman-Gunther Stein argument that the Chinese Reds are not real Communists at all, but just a little band of agrarian reformers who have almost never even heard of Russia, is sadly dated. The boys have already dropped that one in favor of an argument more recent and convincing, now that events have given them the lie. So they will probably lose interest in

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The *beautiful woman* with the black silk eyeshade . . .

The *jealous king* in love with the idea of her being in love with him . . .

The *king's minister* who taught her what union with a man can be . . .

These are the people about whom

KATE O'BRIEN *has written*

the novel which is England's new sensation and America's new discovery...

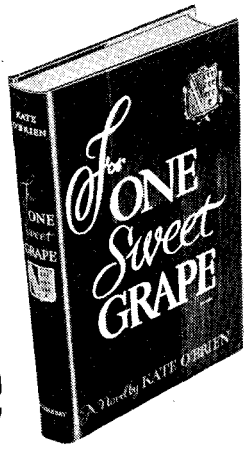
"Indeed a discovery!... Kate O'Brien has written always better. This is her best."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Truly remarkable... A novel which is profound without being ponderous; lovely without ever being lush . . . What marks it most splendidly is an insight which may only be called moral awareness."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"How quietly satisfying, how complete, how good it is!... The more you look at it the more remarkable it is."—*The Observer* (London).

"A great love affair, sustained in passion, humor and courtesy . . . I doubt whether Kate O'Brien has done anything more polished or richly imagined than this."—*Chicago Sun.*

"As great a love scene as any yet written in English fiction. The whole book with its passion, its humour, its sense of history and its remarkable piece of special pleading for the lost soul of Philip II, is not only the finest novel its author has so far given us, it is one of the finest historical novels in any European language, and worthy to rank with Alfred de Vigny's *Cinq Mars.*"—*Time and Tide* (London).



For One Sweet Grape

At your bookseller's, $2.75 **DOUBLEDAY**

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STAGE

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Jack Kilty • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"BULL'S EYE."—Barnes, Herald Tribune
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY • Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK CLAY CLEMENT MARGALO GILMORE
HUDSON, 44 St., E. of B'way. AIR-COND.

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40 Air-Cond.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
Directed by Antoinette Perry
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8.40 sharp. Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Ston
Air-Cond. 46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway
Evgs 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Miss Teilhet as a disciple, especially as she goes on to ring some more changes on the old line. *Russia* is the true villain of the piece. The stupid State Department, insisting on supporting Chiang Kai-shek as it does (shades of Pat Hurley!), the stupid State Department is actually playing right into the hands of Russia! How? Let Gordon and Mr. Hook, the kindly old State Department security officer, tell you. Russia and Chiang Kai-shek are really in cahoots, that's what. And so China's fate and her future depend for salvation on that little band of honest reformers up in the Northwest, with their coöp rug factories.

There is only one familiar landmark in the whole weird landscape: Anna, the inevitable Russian girl, who lives in the hills with the guerrillas except when she appears picturesquely in Shanghai, wearing an enormous fox fur coat heavily laden with handgrenades, and a man's fur hat. She does not scruple to follow a nefarious trade when necessary to get information for the Soviet. She chain-smokes "native yellow cigarettes," which puzzles me again, because native cigarettes in China are made by people who imitate American ways, and though the tobacco may be horsedung, still the paper is white. And a girl who dressed like that could scarcely lose herself in the crowd, in my Shanghai: she would be very conspicuous. But then Miss Teilhet's Shanghai is not mine, fortunately. It's a strange city in an unknown land.

Not at Her Best

NO SECRET CAN BE TOLD. By Natalie Shipman. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1946. 176 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

A SECRET that cannot be told to anyone who has not divined it in advance forms a flimsy substructure for a story which in addition topples of its own slight weight. A woman's unwillingness to explain to her second husband why her previous marriage ended in divorce is here stretched to such insubstantial thinness that the reader's interest snaps long before the artificial tension of the tale is released. Like Esther's mate, we soon guess her secret, and after that we see no reason why it should not be revealed and care little for the consequences of keeping the mystery intact. Characters made of sugar candy and sentimental details dear to housewives' serials on the air do nothing to reinforce a plot that like them seems manufactured on mass production principles.

SCREEN

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

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Irene Dunne
Rex Harrison
Linda Darnell
"ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"
Directed by John Cromwell
Produced by Louis D. Lighton
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"BANDBOX REVUE"—Gay, smart spectacle produced by Russell Market, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

ROBERT YOUNG SYLVIA SIDNEY
ANN RICHARDS
in
"THE SEARCHING WIND"
A HAL WALLIS Production
A Paramount Picture
IN PERSON
The Singing Sensation of 1946
ANDY RUSSELL
— Extra Added Attraction —
RAYMOND SCOTT
and His Thrilling NEW 1946 Band
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

STAGE

"BRISK AND MERRY."—Nichols, Times
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41st Street W. of B'way – Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A VERY BIG HIT."—Walter Winchell
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. CI. 5-5200
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

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OVERTURE

PAUL BOLES

NO, its title isn't THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL. That would be an intolerable understatement. This is an international novel which happens to deal with the United States; as devoid of perfunctory, adult, and strict stale boundaries as a naturally happy child who wakens to a wide summer morning. So — the usual critical phrases, smelling of darkened lamp and musty page, scale away and vanish when challenged by the strong and able LIGHT shining from this work. It's a light you might glimpse once or twice in a full lifetime, and remember ever after with sharp wistfulness. Walk softly, now — this is magical soil . . .

AND yet — what's it *about?* Certainly a cagey question; but before putting both your eyes, all your heart, and a trifle of your money on the line, you're entitled to the hint that it concerns death and four people; three of them alive in the radiant flesh, and one literally and to all mundane purposes, not. There are plenty of widely diverse categories in which to pigeonhole fine writing; it's a temptation to squeeze this one into a phrase, but no surface-cleverness could actually touch on the novel's own truth. Oh, you could call it a mystery story — on the level of the probing, gigantic mysticism of THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV; or an adventure tale — with the terrific thunder, the cadenced accuracy of longing, in LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL; or a vial of remembrance — with the rich nostalgic elixir of baffled delight and all youth which flows through THE GREAT GATSBY. But it is none of these, holding its own pride and fury and lifelong strength to speak for all men who ever felt the fugue of wisdom actively on their tongues, informing their speech with the music of themselves.

AND again, if you tried to capture what Mr. Boles does with language — in a swift round word, you might say, "Elizabethan." Here are the golden gusto and plain good countryman guts of the men who in the good Queen's reign flashed words, just words, like lean rapiers to strike truth home for all time to the heart. Here — combined with a totally Irish disregard for tameness making him a major poet whose thoughts and blood sing out together, is a style no one can ever ape nor stain — a man's broad sinew, gentled by the thoughtfulness of clod-shaking strength.

RELIGION? Politics? Teacup storms? None of those here, either. There are all religions. There is motion like a long act of nature, minus mechanism, grand with its own wonder — and you rise with it in beauty, humour, sagacity, and real thanksgiving to the final page — and, frankly, beyond.

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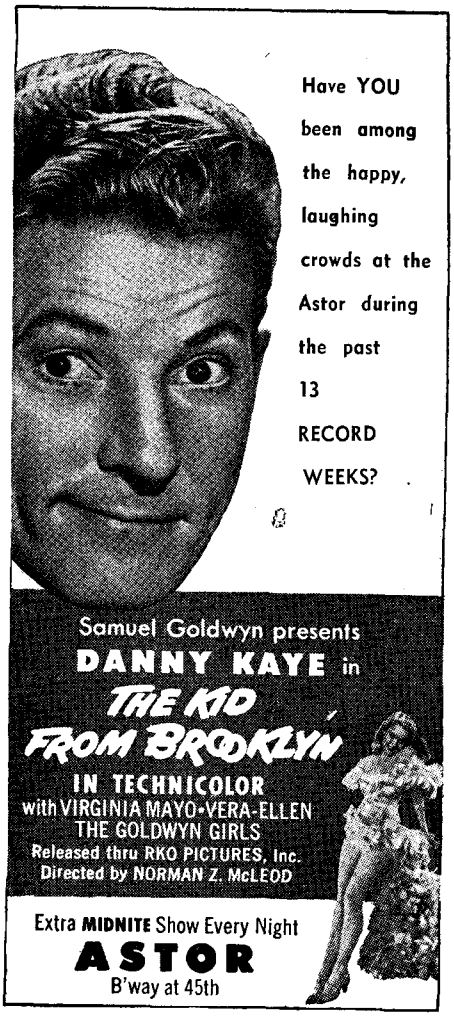
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Medea in California

MEDEA. Freely adapted from the Medea of Euripides. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 1946. 107 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

IF there had never been a Medea, Robinson Jeffers would have had to create her. Not that Jeffers is the twentieth-century Euripides. For all his known fondness for Greek themes, whether expressed in terms of the California coast or of personae bearing Aegean names, and despite surface indications of the current production (typeface of classic austerity, binding, carrying out the Greek motif), Jeffers is still actually more archaic and darkly primitive than the Greek tragic poet.

Medea herself was not Greek, but "a barbarian woman from savage Colchis," alien to the Hellenic reasonableness of which Euripides himself remains so persuasive an example. Alien too is this Californian, obsessed by cruelty, violence, death; so the portrayal of Medea comes congenial to his pen. With familiar power, he shapes her to a torch of hate and vengeance which burns ever more fiercely until she has laid waste all about her.

Where Euripides could waken our sympathy for the "barbarian witch" by giving her human moments of doubt, weakness, tenderness, ups-and-downs of hysteria, Jeffers rejects this humanity (as he has rejected humanity before). His Medea cries: "I will not endure pity"; and, again, "We shall see in the end who's to be pitied." But in the end, nobody is pitied, for Medea sounds a note of triumph over her enemies (not blurred, as in Euripides, by what Gilbert Murray called "the peculiar note of discord . . . produced by the so-called 'satisfaction' of revenge"); Jason hardly commands even our attention, the children were never brought alive for their death to matter much; and, as for Creon the king and his daughter Creusa for whom Jason was ready to forsake Medea—well, their terrible fate is reported to the gloating murderess with such loving exactitude of detail that we can only turn away appalled.

Apart from the compulsions of Jeffers's own personal hawks, how can we believe in the existence of these people? And where credibility falters, there can be no *katharsis.*

Yet it would be less than fair not to admit the talent which has gone into this play. Although Jeffers is no lover of classic Greek concision, being naturally inclined to the long, looping, rhythm-baffling line, with its temptation to redundancy, he is still the maker of images, and can speak out with beautiful clarity as well as force. Witness such lines as these:

Unhappy one,
Never pray for death, never pray for death,
He is here all too soon.
He strikes from the clear sky like a hawk,
He hides behind green leaves, or he waits
Around the corner of the wall.
O never pray for death, never pray for death—
Because *that* prayer will be answered.

John Mason Brown is in London for SRL. Seeing Things will be omitted until he returns.

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The Appeal of Latin America

OPPORTUNITIES IN LATIN AMERICA. By Ralph Hancock. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN

IF any doubt exists as to opportunities in Latin America, the facts collected and presented in this book will surely remove it. There remains the question: Opportunities for whom? This volume is in the nature of a handbook with a category, country by country, of natural resources, agricultural and timber products, minerals, water power, listing openings for trade and manufacturing, all illustrated—for those to whom words convey no adequate concepts—with maps of each country dotted with pictures of sheep, cows, goats, oil derricks, and coffee beans. Also catalogued, country by country, are the industrial and social needs.

The first chapter, on the "New Latin America," is an argument in favor of industrialization of backward and agricultural areas. These arguments are the fashion nowadays. The same argument for industrialization is used for whatever country is under discussion: to wit, that factory-workers have more to spend than farm workers and peons; hence their purchasing power of American products is greater, as has been demonstrated in our increased sales to industrialized countries. There is no gainsaying this argument. After we have supplied the capital and the technicians for the industrialization of Latin America, China, India, and Africa, it may then dawn on us that the saturation point has long since been reached and our manufacturers of typewriters, linoleum, and toothpaste have no foreign markets. There is always the possibility that some of our manufacturers may selfishly conceal from foreign competitors their secret processes.

This book will have considerable value for exporters and investors who are unfamiliar with the South American field and can be stimulated by a perusal of these categories into a further and more detailed study of specific opportunities. Opportunities undoubtedly exist.

As to some countries the question could be: When will immigrants be admitted? Will it be in the course of the next century after the completion of studies by immigration commissions of long standing who have never yet reported?

In his survey the author does for the nineteen Latin-American countries and Haiti, although much more meagerly, what Morris Llewellyn Cooke has done for Brazil. One cannot, however, fail to note omissions: any reference to the restrictive laws prejudicial to non-citizens, say, the Mexican petroleum laws or the Brazilian corporation laws. A layman may wisely, however, leave such sub-

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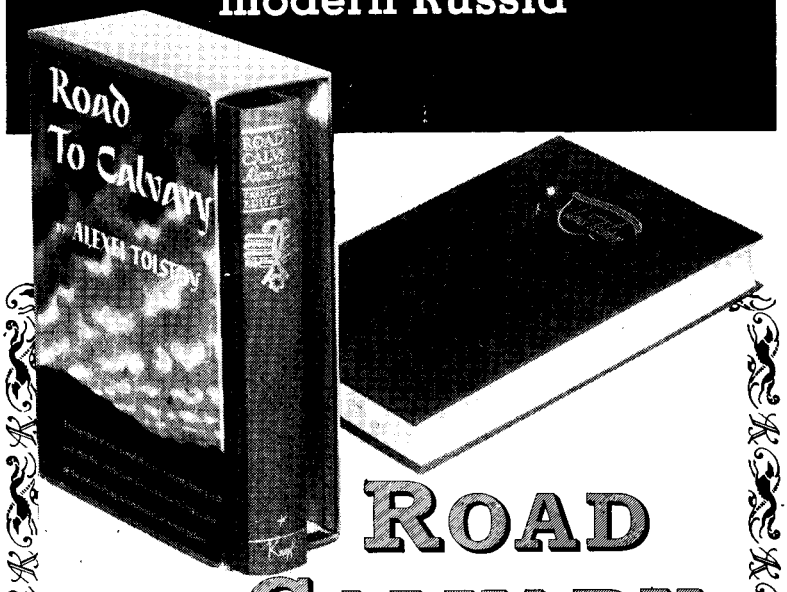

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Two volumes, 885 pages. Designed by W. A. Dwiggins. For sale at all bookshops at $6, published in New York by ALFRED · A · KNOPF

The one-volume edition, published at $4.50, is completely sold out, but some booksellers may have copies for sale.

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jects to the legal counsel of American corporations pioneering in Latin-American industrialization. His prudence is further shown in skimming lightly over the complexities of Latin-American politics, leaving to our own officials to characterize as a democracy one of our good neighbors for many years under one-man rule without the existence even of a Congress.

The author could mention, but didn't, the importance of introductions in Latin America, that the Latins are accustomed to good manners and judge a stranger accordingly. The agility of an American visitor who leaps into a waiting motor-car ahead of the wife of a distinguished cabinet minister may be appraised as boorish rather than as energetic and may hand a contract to a polite Englishman.

The author, by some undisclosed method, anticipates purchases by the other Americas of new equipment alone of a value over $3,680,000,000 and replacement machinery of a value of $2,800,000,000. (How these imports

can be paid for is not explained. Another omission is the debt record of Latin-American countries.) Out of these $6,480,000,000 of prospective purchases, would there not be a few dollars with which to buy English and American books, if offered? In South American cities which this reviewer has visited the only purchasable books in English were printed in Leipzig.

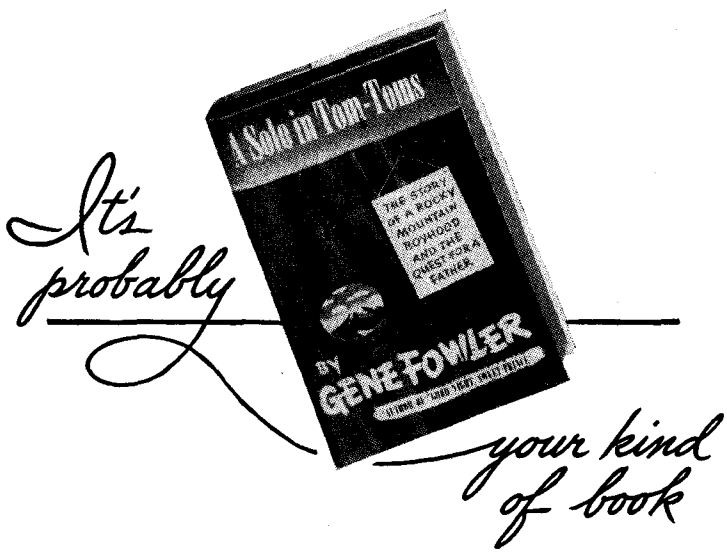
A North American visitor hopefully departing for the land of opportunities to the south with this guide in his pocket could profitably slip into his brief-case the study published last year for the National Planning Association, entitled "Latin America in the Future World," which, being far more realistic, does not emit the rosy glow of Mr. Hancock's pages.

The most intriguing of all his chapters is the one dealing with air transportation, with results in time-saving truly astounding. Another amazing feature well brought out by the author is the greatness of the Amazon, 106 miles wide at its mouth, with its basin serving an area of 4,458,000 square miles. (Could this be true?)

In speaking of the Latin's desire to know more of our contribution to the creative arts, the author says:

> There are valuable lessons to be learned from Latin American scholars, one of which is that scholarship has to do with the interpretation of facts, not with the mere accumulation and recording of these facts.

If this sentence were for the purpose of demonstrating that the book was written for North Americans and not for the Latins it would be redundant.



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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 160

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 160 will be found in the next issue.

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PCDAH RL AFGJP MFGC

LNATXP FNAF ETRBA CNLH

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AFGCNJ KTBBPX—

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 159

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

J. DRYDEN
—*All for Love.*

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If You Like the Ballet

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC. By Raya Keen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 318 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

A DUST jacket note about the author of "She Shall Have Music" says: "Raya Keen . . . was born in New York City of discussion-loving, life-loving Russian parents." Zina Reed (née Reedonosoff), the ballet-dedicated heroine of Raya Keen's first novel, is also the daughter of "discussion-loving, life-loving Russian parents." To complete this fascinating coincidence, both Raya Keen and Zina Reed make adolescent debuts in special ballets and work as soloists and in the ballet at Radio City—or rather Zina works at Empire City, which rises "streamlined and magnificent on Sixth Avenue; a stone and steel rebuttal to the shabby employment agencies across the street and the shabby men clotting the sidewalks in front of them." Raya is describing—surprise! —Empire City, not Radio.

"She Shall Have Music" is, obviously, a romantic novel with a big city ex-ballerina nostalgically on her points. It is a novel because its author has attempted to fictionize life and a profession—in this case a life and a profession which she has, to some extent, lived, albeit she insists that "no person or event in this book is intended as a reference to any real person or event." If by this last she hopes to protect herself from libel suits she is utterly within her rights, but if it is her intention to persuade the reader that she has created or invented all of the incidents, characters, and atmosphere in this novel, she is misguided. Fiction, even if it be the most incredible fantasy, is inevitably grounded in life; fiction is a translation of and from life, an interpretation plus; it is the quality of the translation, the penetration of the interpretation, which determines the fiction's value. Miss Keen's translation, although it is filled with soul-searing experiences, lacks quality; her prose, although it is frequently frenetic, is devoid of style. Mannerism is not style, enthusiasm and vigor are not genius or even talent. Chaos is the substance of art; the discipline imposed upon chaos makes for a work of art. To write, "The girl's body stammered straight . . ." or "Mrs. Reed green-eyed a warning" is not art—it is not even good taste.

Raya Keen does, however, have a certain talent for the soap-opera facts of middle-class life: the romance in her novel definitely falls into the love interest category, is real but mutilated by her personal animosity for the male in the case and her completely narcissistic approach to her heroine. The Empire City theatre atmosphere is excellent, but nowhere do you get a genuine whiff of greasepaint. And there, perhaps, is the chief difference between today's novel of the theatre and yesterday's. Yesterday's was almost all greasepaint glamor; today's is almost exclusively a series of panchromatic disappointments and hardships. "She Shall Have Music" tries and fails to rise above its literary station. It is recommended to all who have a passion for the ballet and a serious disinterest in literature.

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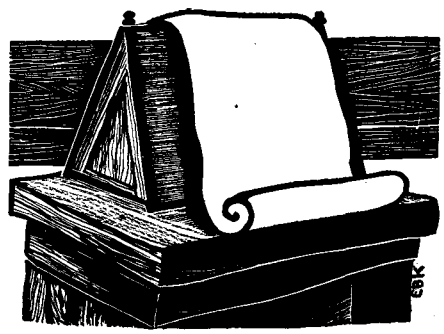
EXILE IN THE STARS. By James J. Donohue. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 65 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by
SR. M. MARGUERITE, R.S.M.

THIS is certainly a book that does not follow any conventional form. Its arrangement might eem at first puzzling to the uninitiated yet this is by no means a work of abstruse esotericism. The author evidently tried to make the variety of rhyme patterns and verse forms correspond to the prolific species of creation.

Father Donohue has compressed the account of the creation, the fall, and the prophecy of Redemption into the pattern of the Divine Office, with its introductory prayer, its Matins, Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sexte, None, Vespers, and Compline, its interweaving of antiphons, versicles, responses, and its final invocation. Here is the beginning of the theological tract on Redemption set to exquisite lyricism. The nine sonnets embodying the three nocturns of Matins take their theme from the introductory antiphons. With penetrating skill, Father Donohue has projected the story of Genesis all through succeeding years down to the present, as evidenced particularly in Antiphon 6: "God made the stars and said":

This is for wise men. Clipper and cruiser reckon
Midnight by Vega climbing in the spars,
Vigilant Bear and Dragon chart and beckon
Sailors, but only wise men track the stars.
Watch the empiric, you that put faith in counting,
Number the suns which prowl beyond Altair:
You that prize reason out of eyesight mounting,
See the dark star-dust hunted to its lair.
To these, if any, heaven shows the glory,
And sky declares the work, and day has word
For day, and night, for other night has story
That needs no speech or language to be heard.
Not only three come star-led to My birth:
The sound of suns goes to the end of earth.



This is language star-dusted with appreciation of beauty at its primal source.

The three sonnets for Sexte, which he introduces with the Antiphon "It is not good for man to be alone" present a thought-provoking study of all womanhood, as embodied in Eve. All three sonnets would be well worth reproducing, if only for the pleasure of copying them. But space prohibits such indulgence. Suffice it to note that the final couplet in this section is seedling for a whole forest of fiction, history, and biography books:

Eve comes to judgment guilty, nor alone.
Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

Father Donohue's work is a remarkable achievement in literature. Its conception, development, and conclusion are unified and strengthened by the haunting refrains of the antiphons, versicles, and responses.

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A Connaught Shanachie

AND THAT'S NO LIE. By Beatrice Bill Talbot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 134 pp. $2.

Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

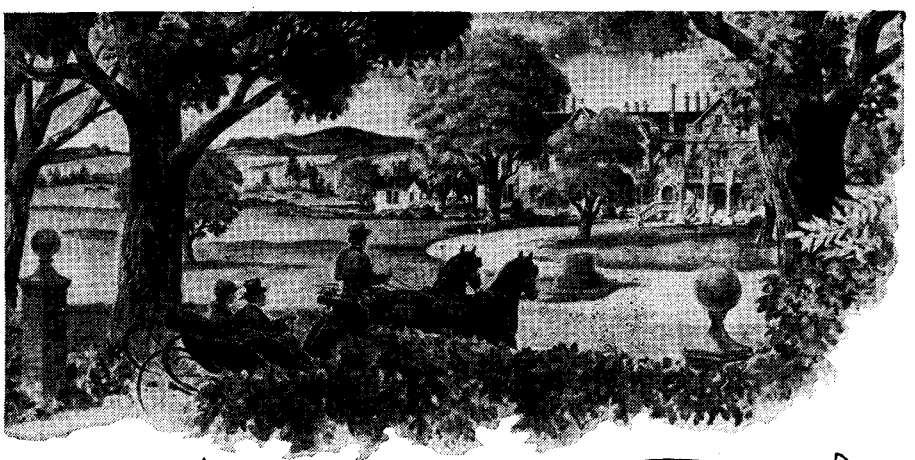
IF Maria Edgeworth were alive today and contemplated bringing the Rackrent family history up to date, she might do worse than choose John Linehan to carry on where Honest Thady Quirk left off. John Linehan is a man with a story-telling gift the shanachies of old might well have envied—an art as simple and natural as a daisy, a brogue mellow as the notes of the blackbird, and a humor as sweetly flavorsome as a hazel nut.

Forty years John has worked on the Brookline (Mass.) estate of Dr. Fritz Talbot, and now nearing three score and ten, nostalgia has worked him for its own, whisking him back on its magic carpet to relive the early years of his growth in County Roscommon, Ireland. Mrs. Talbot must have listened to this story many times before finally setting it down in black and white, so completely has she captured the native Irish accent, idiom, and rhythmic speech patterns. She has let John tell his story in his own words and manner without let or hindrance, or intruding herself in any way. She has been content to let the honey drip richly and purely from the comb. A little of the beeswax comes through, to be sure, but that only prevents cloying.

When only thigh-high to a thrush, John had a scrimmage with a redheaded school teacher which put an end to his scholastic career. This melee, to readers who suspect symbolism of hiding behind every gooseberry bush in Celtic literature, may easily be construed as a battle royal between Queen Maeve (a Roscommon lass herself) and Cuchullain. Now John grew up as cocky as Cuchullain, who has been heard of as a hero, but poor John we now hear of as a herder. We follow him through green fields and purple hills as he herds his sheep and cattle—through barnyards, stables, and villages, living his simple annals. He hies us to county fairs, pheasant drives, fox hunts, and horse races. With young eyes and the old wisdom, he gives us shrewd estimates of the perennial country doctor, the goodly village parson, the hearty county squire and his horsey daughter, to say nothing of his own father's family of thirteen, snugly ensconsed in a cottage small by a waterfall.

John loves horses and understands them as well as any vet. His horses all have tales, and the tales are so well told that they deserve a wink of approval from Somerville and Ross. The nearest John ever came to a higher education was when he got off at Maynooth instead of Myglare, County Kildare, on his way to a job as groom to the sporting Captain Tuckett. He was in his glory there, for Kildare is synonymous with horseflesh, the famous Curragh having bred more Derby runners than one could shake a shillelagh at.

And then came spring. Gossoon meets colleen. In Ireland, a young man's fancy as lightly turns, and twice as sprightly as in any other part of this world of rue and radar, to thoughts of love. He follows her to America and marries her. Slainte! John! Slainte! Margaret! Readers who are bored to death by too much psychiatric cockalorum will welcome this exhilarating breath of bracing Irish air.



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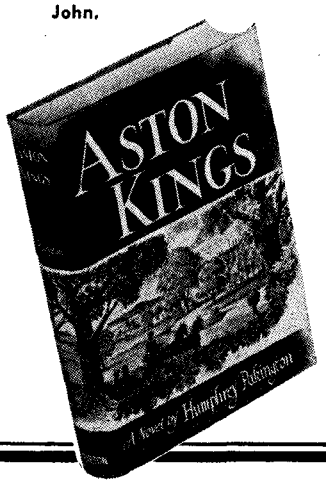

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

HERE is one of the most exciting yarns I've read in many a month. The situation and the characters make for a super-fast-paced plot. For instance, there are:

Hamdushi the Liar, the best in North Africa, who babbles fluently in every tongue and dialect known to men from the Pillars of Hercules to the Dead Sea and beyond. He is an able plotter.

Nic Shepherd, an American R.A.F. pilot, visiting Spanish Morocco on a 24 hour leave from Gibraltar, and his travelling companion, *Percy Oldershaw*, also of the R.A.F.

Captain William Purkeypile, aged 85, owner and skipper of the "Cecilia Butterworth", and an independent individualist with a shrewd mind.

Dr. Acris who discovers the 2000 year old underwater passage from North Africa to Gibraltar.

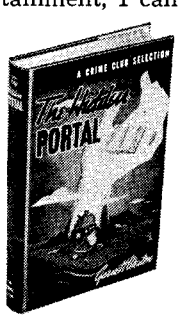
Don Jaime Campamento, governor of Tanjaa Balia, who knew *Nic Shepherd* (and hated him) during the Spanish Civil War, and who plots with the German "tourists" to attack Gibraltar.

Señorita Lola who is beautiful and naughty, and pretty *Joan Formby* whom both young fliers learn to love.

It would be impossible here to do more than touch on the plot, revolving around the German scheme to capture the Rock, the Spanish governor's vengeance-mad ideas about *Nic* and the treasure in the secret passage, *Capt. Purkeypile's* position in the whole scheme and the work he and *Hamdushi the Liar* do, plus the love entanglements of the young men.

There is an old bromide in book circles—the statement, "Here is a book that you cannot lay down." That, of course, is tommyrot. Some books have attained the size which might allow the remark, "Here is a book you cannot lift." But all books are so built that you can close them and lay them down.

However, if you like action, plot, and hard-hitting entertainment, I can assure you this is a book you won't *want* to lay down, and you'll miss more sleep than you expected if you start it in bed.



It's called THE HIDDEN PORTAL and is written by GARNETT WESTON.

The Gunman

A Brussels Diary

WRITTEN IN DARKNESS. By Anne Somerhausen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WHAT would it be like to live in a country occupied by the enemy? Mrs. Somerhausen's diary covering the years 1940 to 1945 admirably records the daily preoccupations of an intelligent woman of the middle class, mother of three young sons, after the Germans took possession of Brussels. It is a fascinating document, written with gallantry and good humor even when the author is wrestling with black markets, quislings, German officials, and the Gestapo—even when malnutritional diseases attack her sons despite her ceaseless efforts to keep the family nourished.

In the beginning the Germans tried as in France to win good will by polite behavior and insidious propaganda. But the honeymoon waned and the Gestapo arrived. Presently the Germans began sending underfed Belgian children to Bavaria, ostensibly for a holiday, actually to be indoctrinated with the Nazi ideology. Holders of official positions in the Belgian government were imprisoned or compelled to retire prematurely so that Flemish quislings and Walloon Rexists might replace them. And the German minister of economics instituted a simple system, based almost entirely on compulsion, which slowly but inescapably tied Belgium's economy to Berlin.

Soon terror spread among the young men subject to labor drafts as well as among Jews slated for transfer to the East, *i.e.*, for extermination in gas chambers. By September 5, 1941, it had become dangerous to be a Free Mason, Jew, Communist, government minister, member of parliament, high official, judge, or even a school boy wearing a patriotic badge. Hostages were taken on the slightest pretext and, when revolts occurred, were shot in a ratio of twenty patriots for one Nazi.

The patriots of course faced an inevitable dilemma: if they did not work, they starved, and if they worked, their efforts directly or indirectly benefited the enemy. Mrs. Somerhausen was forced by depleted funds and inflated prices to take a job in a staple fiber factory. The Germans hoped this factory would eventually supply their armies with cloth, and Mrs. Somerhausen used her wiles to keep them diddled in this belief. As conditions grew worse, she contrived to give cover to a succession of "renters" wanted by the Gestapo. Through her daily entries, factual and artless, we watch the mounting tide of requisitions and demands for indemnities, the "blank" marriages designed to save persons liable to deportation, the effects on the Germans and Belgians of America's entry into the war, the landings in North Africa, the resistance of Stalingrad. We also witness the defection of certain Belgian leaders, both lay and religious, the murder of collaborationists, the blowing up of their factories, and the way in which canny farmers grow rich by selling food on the black market. Toward the end of the volume bombs begin to fall daily, railroads no longer function, schools close, electricity and gas fail, the enemy scrapes the bottom of the barrel for its armies, and Brussels is declared a hospital town. Eventually we participate in the entry of the Allies and the last looting by the Germans as they pull out, loading their cars with plunder and setting fire to the Palace of Justice in a final, futile gesture.

The author, while reproducing many original documents of historical importance, tells the story for the most part in terms of her preoccupation with the fate of her husband, who had early become a prisoner of war, her children, and her friends. Her efforts to ameliorate the lot of Mr. Somerhausen in his German prison camps, to feed and to educate her three sons, to help those caught in the traps of the Gestapo, involve her in endless but enlightening difficulties. Even after the delirious days of the liberation, September 3 and 4, 1944, her troubles do not cease. She receives no news of her husband for many months, whereas rumors abound of last-minute killings of their prisoners by the Germans. Presently V-bombs begin to drop and the coldest winter in years finds Brussels almost without fuel. However, on May 12, 1945, Mr. Somerhausen miraculously reappears, his youngest son asks timidly, "Are you my Dad?", his wife writes "No more war," and on this note of a well-deserved happy ending the diary comes to a close.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Potomac.
2. England.
3. Rome.
4. Xanadu.
5. Auburn.
6. Table Mountain.
7. Ludlow.
8. Darien.
9. Dee.
10. Lexington.
11. Flanders.
12. Azores.
13. Tara.
14. Kew.
15. Plum Tree.
16. Canopus.
17. Camelot.
18. Mudville.
19. Dove.
20. Innisfree.

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BLUEPRINT FOR SURVIVAL

(Continued from page 6)

stop it or perish. All the chips must be down and the cards laid on the table.

But haven't you lost your mind? Aren't you actually proposing that atomic weapons shall continue to be made?

Exactly. And I have not lost my mind. The sincere but deluded people who think that atomic weapons will *not* be made in the future are the people who are in danger of losing their minds—along with their bodies. And you and I are likely to go along reluctantly for the ride. They are the men of good will whose hearts bleed at the very thought that another single atomic weapon will ever have to be made; easy, sentimental people like you and me who would gladly give their very lives if they knew that that would somehow prevent it—but people whose minds must give them the chilling, dreary awareness that there have always been evil men in the world and that there always will be evil men; that restless, driven, power-obsessed psychopaths will not vanish from the earth. We must therefore solemnly resolve that henceforth the men of good will on earth must band together to fight possible atomic evil with its own weapons. Let all men and nations of good will strip off their soft diplomatic gloves, so far as this issue is concerned, and proclaim their terrible determination and ability to come out of their corners barefisted and fighting.

Wouldn't your plan encourage an atomic weapon race?

No more or no less, say, than the invention of the airplane contributed to any race for its use as an offensive military weapon. Both can do much to make the world a better place in which to live. The scientists warn us that while the conversion of harnessed atomic energy into lethal weapons is highly complicated, it is still essentially a routine mechanical procedure. Our first bombers were converted passenger planes. We must be realistic. And since the conveyance of the missile to its goal is an inherent problem in possible atomic warfare, as in any other warfare, then aren't the efforts to perfect jet propulsion or stratospheric flight or radar or what you will part of the unholy race? Shall we close these areas of investigation? If so, how? In other words, the race to investigate atomic energy is on, and the only way we can stop it is to tether all of our scientists, resolutely renounce all scientific progress, and ad-

Linda was doing what came naturally

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vocate a return to universal sheep herding. According to that view we should have shackled poor old Einstein years ago. It was his great brooding mind that first saw the dark vision of what is even now coming to pass.

Wouldn't you impose any international atomic restrictions whatever?

By all means. Strict international limits and controls should be imposed on the kind and number of atomic weapons which each country could legally possess at one time. It is an essential part of my plan. These weapons would be plainly earmarked and stored solely for the limited disciplinary counter measures we have already discussed. Countries that would exceed their quota of weapons or refuse or evade atomic inspection or violate any of the other precautionary regulations—or even refuse to take their defensive part—would be liable to the quarantine we have discussed, and the surrender and permanent isolation of their leaders.

To prevent dangerous or uneven distribution of weapons and to assist in the detection of any violations, an international atomic arsenal could be set up as the sole authority to construct and mete out the authorized weapons to the member countries. Its experts could even instruct the military of the countries that may need instruction on their effective use, should the defensive need arise. In other words, may God help us and forgive us, civilization must henceforth be deliberatly loaded for atomic bear.

John D. Voelker is the prosecuting attorney of Marquette County, Michigan.

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So Narrow

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

Since Time is so narrow,
To catch the sun's rays
I stand stiff and upright
Through vertical days,

A night just behind me,
A night soon to fall—
The day but a canyon
Between wall and wall.

My spirit that's eastern,
My heart that looks west,
Would certainly sicken,
So cribbed and compressed,

Were it not for a future
Of likelier luck,
On a plane horizontal,
The darkness pushed back.

Divisions of Time then
The light will equate;
Meridians cancelled,
My glowing estate

Will stretch to the limit
Of space. I need scheme
No longer to compass
Life's pattern and theme,
For I shall have measured
The girth of the dream.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BACH, BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS #3 & #4; SINFONIA (CHRIST LAG); PRELUDE in E. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. Victor M 1050 (4) $4.75	Recorded in Music Shed at Tanglewood —evidently empty. But brilliance is pleasing. Fine depth of perspective in string recording. Heavy modulation.	A to A—	(See comment below.) 3d Brandenburg is somewhat muscular, 4th rather fast. Orch. is oversized. Yet this is best recording to date of both. Sinfonia (Cantata #4) is dreadfully slow. Prelude in E a good transcription (strings only) of music for solo violin.
WAGNER, LOHENGRIN; ELSA'S DREAM. Traubel, N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia 12321D $1	Beautiful balance between voice and orch. Uncanny realism. This is kind of balance Marian Anderson should try. Play a comparable Anderson record and see.	A—	A single, to complement Bridal Chamber Scene album (CX 261). Traubel is best in this relatively superficial Wagner.
BALLADS FROM THE DUSTBOWL Woodie Guthrie. Disc 610 (3 10") $2.75	A much better job than Victor's Guthrie albums. Less distortion, voice more natural.	B—	The Guthrie songs not great folk music, but genuine. Guthrie has beautiful diction. This album preferable to Victor's though surfaces not too good.

ROUTINE OPENING

HAVING taken a crack at today's Bach performances, I'm disposed to eat a few words in the interest of Koussevitzky's new Bach album, noted above. It's not Bach, but it's good.

Once again, there is a grossly oversized orchestra; the style of these performances is best described as Beethovenian (if Stokowsky's Bach is Wagnerian)—a style that would have been utterly puzzling to a listener of Bach's day. And yet here is the most satisfactory, the most musical and well played recording of both the third and fourth Brandenburgs to date. And this, though the Busch Chamber Players have recorded the third more correctly, though Hargail has an authentic version of the fourth, played as written, on two recorders.

There are two judgments to make in music like this, and the conclusions cannot be entirely reconciled. On the one hand there is the pure "musicality" of the performance—that artistic perception that can make of an instrument a transparent medium through which, so it seems, one hears into the music. On the other there is simple correctness of performance, with the right instruments, within the style and spirit that the composer envisioned, with the correct ornaments when these are indicated, and even with the proper freedom. Primarily this is a matter of good scholarship, and if the performer investigates on his own account, first hand, so much the better.

It is unfortunately true that present-day performances of Bach (and others too) tend to divide into the correct but dull, and the incorrect yet inspired. But it should never be inferred, as it is, that to play Bach correctly, according to Bach's own ideas, is to be pedantic. As a matter of fact, correct playing often involves unwonted liberty. It may require a free improvisation, as in the figured bass, and in countless eighteenth-century vocal and instrumental bravura pieces. There is room for great variation in Bach's ornaments, once the simple rhythmic and harmonic principles are understood, and the same goes for the striking contrasts in tone color that Bach expected organists and harpsichordists to work into their playing. (For this freedom, we substitute strict monotony on the piano and the modern organ.) Playing Bach correctly then is not an academic limitation on performing freedom.

And so the old story is repeated in Koussevitzky's recordings, and the balance must be struck in his favor. He wins on points. But there is still the unhappy question, why can't we have it beautifully *and* correctly played?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Ways of Traveling

IF THE elderly and middle-aged look back with nostalgia to a time when crossing the Atlantic meant a week or more on an ocean liner, divided by miles of water from all the petty problems of life on land, relaxed in the order and serenity of a ship at sea, the children of our day are standing on tiptoe, eager to cross the ocean in a single night, to spend a weekend in China or Africa, to see the far islands of the Pacific as tiny dots under the wings of their swift flight. They are not inclined to spend weeks or even months in mental and physical preparation for their travels. They are more likely to buy their tickets as casually as their elders bought theirs for the nearest summer resort, to toss a few necessities into a weekend bag and taxi to the airport. And yet the old way still has its advantages. It is still true that the more one knows of a country in advance, of its towns and villages and its people, the more it will mean when it is seen for the first time. Radio broadcasts and facts reported by newsmen do *not* take the place of a good book. Artists and authors who know a country can make it far more real through stories and pictures than can the best of reporters. No matter how swift the flight, the landing will have more color and drama if a book has painted its background on a receptive mind.

Therefore let us go, through some of the books of 1946, to . . .

India

MADE IN INDIA: THE STORY OF INDIA'S PEOPLE AND OF THEIR GIFTS TO THE WORLD. By Cornelia Spencer. Illustrated by Allan Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 203 *pp.* $3.

THE fabulous land of India loses none of its glamor in Cornelia Spencer's new book. On the contrary, our interest is heightened because the book gives the story behind India's mystery and beauty. It helps to an understanding of the country's amazing contrasts and conflicts, to an appreciation of all that she has contributed to science, art, and philosophy—to all phases of civilization and culture.

Beginning with the lost cities and the ancient peoples of India, we learn of the invaders and the marks they made, for good or ill, upon the country, of the Buddha and his influence on Indian thought, of the influence of the Greeks on the art which was centered upon the figure of the Buddha. Against the background of the historical development, with all its fascinating tales of invasions, of conquests and varied rulers, is shown the strong force of Hinduism, the influence both destructive and creative of the Moslems, the few strong men among them like Kabir the Hindu and Akbar the Moslem groping for a more perfect religion.

Perhaps the most important thing that Mrs. Spencer has done in this book is to show how much of our Western civilization, even to our language, has been influenced by India and to show us how closely we are related to her through the favorite stories of our childhood and through the Indian philosophy which pervades the work of many of the Western poets and authors.

RUTH A. HILL.

THE THIRTEENTH STONE: A STORY OF RAJPUTANA. By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 225 *pp.* $2.

POOR as he was, thin and dirty, Jivan had been brought up in the pride of his Rajput heritage. He had just turned thirteen, a small thirteen because Jivan had never had too much food, but he was prepared to make his way in an unfriendly world when he started off on his own for the first time, on his way to the Pushkar Fair. As the crowds began to thicken there was a collision between some bullock carts. Jivan felt himself pushed forcibly and knocked flat on his face in the road in the midst of the crowd. Before he could be seriously hurt, a Sadhu, a holy man whom Jivan had noticed before, rescued him.

That accident, which was not an accident, puzzled Jivan. Why should he, of all the hungry, ill-clad boys in the crowd, be singled out for deliberate harm? The incident put him on his guard and he was on the defensive from then on.

The political background for the exile of Javin and Babban seems a bit confused in the telling and some of the relationships are rather complex, but children will swallow all of this whole in their eagerness to get on with the story. To the adult reader the last two chapters may seem anti-climactic. Possibly they detract from the literary quality of the story, but they accomplish the complete fulfillment of Jivan's dream—and that to a child is very much more important. Margaret Ayer's line drawings are competent. R. A. H.

Russia

RUSSIA'S STORY. By Dorothy Erskine. Illustrated by Bob Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 154 *pp.* $2.50.

IN reading this book I was reminded of a conversation I had with an Ohio business man some weeks ago. In the course of a political discussion wherein the bogeyman Russia hovered over the luncheon table, he asked: "Now what is Russia actually like?" and "What does communism mean?" The questions were so naive, the admission of ignorance so honest, that it startled me. What do the majority of the American people know

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about Russia? What do they know about communism? There is a lot of talk on the matter here and the bogeyman is growing daily in size. Even the children I have talked to have an opinion which in its vagueness and malperception indicates the source of ignorance—home and school.

After reading this very simple and systematic survey by Dorothy Erskine the children will probably know more about the U.S.S.R. than their parents, whom they might well interest in reading through at least the first nine chapters. Mrs. Erskine shows herself to be thoroughly familiar with the subject. For in writing a little one has to know much.

The geographical formation of Asia, with its mountains in the center and rivers pouring from them, the author describes by comparing it to a wet cat with its back arched and streams of water flowing off it. In this fashion, simplified by comparison, she tells about the land, the history, the revolution, the government, the business state, the five-year plan and the tremendous problems of distance and transportation. Always she speaks of the children and shows their part in work and play. Life in the Arctic, on the steppes, in Moscow, and on the farms makes entertaining reading. Even a bibliography is not forgotten. The story would make a fine textbook for American schools—and for schools all over the world. It might shrink the bogeyman—or at least make for a more well-balanced viewpoint.

The illustrations by Bob Smith skilfully complement the text.

DOLA DE JONG.

England

A PICTURE HISTORY OF BRITAIN. By Clarke Hutton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 62 pp. $2.50.

ORIGINAL and interesting projects seem to come to life constantly in the children's book world of today. Here is one with the idea of using pictures to give an historical background to child readers long before they can absorb it from the printed page.

To all American children English history should be an essential part of the story of their own country, so closely are the two related. This book has a very real significance. It starts at the beginning, with cave-dwellers and prehistorical man, and proceeds through the Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman invasions all the way to the Second World War. It does not build up a list of facts, but presents a series of graphic pictures in color with just enough caption to give an intelligible sequence in time.

There is good judgment in the selection of the events that are included, a recognition of what has been important in England's social and industrial as well as her political history, and what has a direct bearing on today's problems and events.

The idea and the general plan of this book are so good that it seems ungrateful to offer any adverse comment. But will not a little child *need* more than these brief captions can give? And will not an older boy or girl *want* more?

MARION C. DODD.

CABIN FOR CRUSOE. By David Severn. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 242 pp. $2.

THIS story has several good qualities to recommend it. In the first place, it is unusual in theme, with an original background. In the second place, it will interest the older as well as the younger readers in a wider span than most children's books reach. Finally, it has a well motivated plot which offers lively and colorful reading.

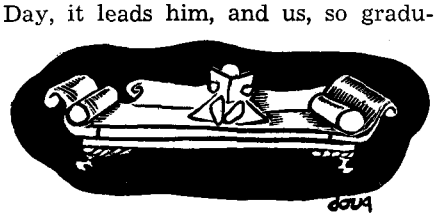
The twins, Pamela and Brian, have a young brother and sister visiting them for their summer holidays in the country. They are rather dismayed to find that their mother is also expecting a guest—the young son of a friend. He is, from the twelve-year-old twins' point of view, a grown-up, although by a narrow margin. To them this means good behavior and rigid good manners as a daily requirement—not a good idea during the holidays. When camping out in tents becomes a part of Crusoe's holiday program, their opinion of this particular species of grown-up alters rapidly. Then good luck throws them in with a band of gypsies who are caravaning in the neighborhood. Good relations with the gypsies are not established, however, without difficulty.

M. C. D.

France

THE AVION MY UNCLE FLEW. By Cyrus Fisher. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 244 pp. $2.

THE sub-title of this book might almost be "French Without Tears." A lively, exciting story of an American boy in France last summer, just a few months after V-E Day, it leads him, and us, so gradually and smoothly from English into French that we find ourselves reading the French phrases as easily as though they were in our native tongue. This is partly because there is humor in every line of the text.



The hero, Johnny Littlehorn, tells the tale himself. It begins on a ranch in Wyoming. Johnny has a badly injured leg, caused by falling from a horse and lying for hours in a snowdrift. His mother was French, his father an American who served in France throughout the war. He comes home for a brief furlough and then returns, taking Johnny and Mrs. Littlehorn with him. There are weeks in Paris, where Johnny is wheeled about in an invalid's chair by a French porter, Albert, who turns out to be a German in disguise. Then the scene shifts to the little mountain village of St. Chamant, where Johnny's mother was born and where "Oncle Paul" lives after his service in the French Underground. Oncle Paul has learned to fly, and is building an airplane of his own invention. Johnny's father and mother go to England, and Johnny and Oncle Paul live at the village inn.

Just about here the real excitement begins. It is a tale that reminds one of the wildly exciting spy stories of Manning Coles. Boys and girls will be unable to resist reading it—and will learn to speak French in the process. It all ends in a blaze of glory for Johnny and Oncle Paul.

Through it all Johnny, by sheer courage and a desire to miss nothing, strengthens the bad leg and, in the meantime, learns to speak French, taking us along with him. The mixture of French and English as he progresses is extremely funny. It is necessary to follow it because the action depends upon what Johnny says and does.

Seldom do we have a story for boys and girls that takes them so completely into the atmophere and spirit of another country. There is no attempt to record history or to analyze causes, but through it all we get the quality of the French people who fought in this war. Johnny's mother's people, the Langres family, are probably like dozens of French families who lost everything on earth but their courage and their faith in France. Oncle Paul hasn't a cent, but he invents and flies a new airplane. Little Suzanne is practically starving, but she joins almost fiercely in the struggle to get rid of the traitors. Johnny is just an ordinary American boy, but in that atmosphere he rises to the occasion. When the crisis comes he says, with Oncle Paul, "Poof! It is simple. Am I not a Langres?"

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

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the Phoenix Nest

FROM Francis B. Keene, **Foreign** Service Officer, Retired, **comes** the following:

Summer resort season is here. You might possibly be interested in what I wrote in January 1912, while I was consul in Geneva. I sent it to a Harvard classmate (class of 1880) who was one of the founders of the original *Life*, and it was published in their summer holiday number. Though Pegasus and I have made many excursions along the foothills of Parnassus, little of my verse has been published except in my "Lyrics of the Links." Back in the '90's I wrote more verse about the poetry, sentiment, and humor of golf than anyone else ever did, and was known all over the golfing world as the Laureate of the Links.

Here is my jawbreaker. If you don't want to use it, put it into "the all-devouring, indiscriminate orifice," your wastebasket.

WILD WANDERINGS

Dear Lady of the Aroostook,
Wilt come in my birchbark with me?
I'm off in the wilds of Seboomook,
And yearning to wander with thee.

A word, and Katahdin shall listen.
Chesuncook its echoes shall shake,
And Spurdnabunk's ripples shall glisten,
And Mattagamonsis awake.

On Squawpan we'll dream as we paddle.
Unsumtalum's shadows, deep-sunk,
Shall cool us; our thoughts shall not addle,
Not even on Matchunkemunk.

Far Chemquasabamticook's current
Shall float us to Allaquash down.
No civilization deterrent
Shall keep us from Carritunk town.

Seboois, and then Mattawamkeag
Shall see us, and Skowhegan too.
Pamedecook and Passadumkeag
Shall lavish their beauties on you.

Cauquomgomoc and Pattagumpus
And Moosetocmaguntic we'll win.
There's nothing in Maine that can stump us
Till symptoms of lockjaw set in.

I hope the printer gets all that right. I apologize for a recent error which made Senator Taft say that he thought the labor legislation asked for by President Truman was "little too extreme," when what I had written was "*a* little too extreme," quite the opposite of what he was made to say.

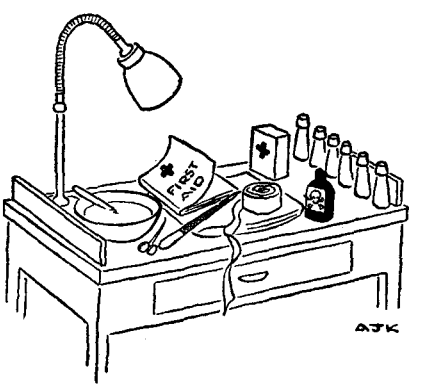
* * *

The tide of erysipelastic rhymes continues to flow, and Abe Rose informs me that Sarnoff should have spelled the Yiddish "Tzipelas" as "Tsibelas," which, of course, makes it an imperfect rhyme. David S. Stern, D. D. S., of Philadelphia, objects that Earle Walbridge's "ripple was" is no rhyme and that "he had better keep out of the way of sensitive experts like my old boss, F. P. A., until the thing blows over. But *you're* the guy I am really surprised at, Mr. B." (Business of hanging head.) Frank L. Baer says Gretna Green's "Triple Rhyme" was no such thing. "Had the unfortunate little lady been named Tripp or Zipp or Bipp of Ripp—excellent, a true triple rhyme. One doesn't, however, rhyme 'moon' with 'moon,' one merely repeats." I hope my little scholars are taking all this seriously to heart, so that the serious rhymes I receive from them in future will be impeccable.

* * *

Eric Wilson Barker reminds me that Benjamin De Casseres died several months ago. I did not like the later columnar work that Ben did for the Yellow Press. I did not like his attitude on the war. I prefer to think of him as he was in his earlier bohemian days, in the days when Don Marquis, always an admirer of his poetry, was still alive. I quote here what Mr. Barker says, from California, in honor of Ben's song:

> How long is America going to neglect the memory of one of her most brilliant and original writers? No one who has read "Anathema," "Chameleon," "Forty Immortals," "Adventures of an Intellectual Faun," etc., can deny the greatness of Benjamin De Casseres. I've looked in vain for a word about him in the *Review* since his death. I think it shameful that a man whose prose and poetry have won the praise of such men as Havelock Ellis, George Santayana, Edgar Lee Masters, John Cowper Powys, Robinson Jeffers, Llewellyn Powys, Maurice Maeterlinck, Thomas Hardy, Remy de Gourmont, Aldous Huxley, etc., should die apparently without mention in his own country. Can't someone do something about it?



* * *

Though I had determined not to print any more letters of a rash nature, I cannot help using this one by Walter Penney of Washington, D. C.:

Worse than the agony we endure
With gout or erysipelas,
Or the torment that assails our bones
When arthritic ailments cripple us,
Worse than the torture of a babe who sucks
In vain at a breast that is nippleless,
Was the pain Odd McIntyre used to feel
When someone panned Gallipolis.

I used to play a game with some poetically minded friends which might interest you. The idea was for one person to start by writing a line of poetry and passing it to the next who was to write a line of rhyming with the first and another line for the third person to rhyme and so on around the circle, each person, after the poem was once begun, writing two lines, one to complete the couplet started by the previous person and one to begin a couplet for the next person to finish. Of course we tried to end each line with the most difficult-to-rhyme words we could think of since a forfeit had to be paid by anyone who was stumped. That old classic "orange" was one of the first to be tried but that proved no trouble at all, "doorhinge" doing quite nicely if read fast. Some of the lines, as you may imagine, had a decidedly Ogden Nashian flavor. One I remember particularly was: Can flowers take the place of tinsel? Which was followed by: Yes, if placed upon the winsel.

Pretty corny, but it saved someone from having to shell out. If you want words that are really tough to rhyme, try: month, wasp, sylph, and width.

The game referred to is, of course, the old game of bouts rimes, at which my own paternal parent was remarkably proficient. I remember that once, to show me how to pronounce a word I had been calling "sows," he produced:

As through the trees the night-wind soughs,
They beckon like departing toughs.

I can only add that, while I cannot countenance it, I also cannot but admire Dorothy Jean Lind's (from Rochester, N. Y.) outburst:

As a poet I have wrestled with the rhyming of an orange.
When it comes to citrus subjects I will just throw in the sporange.

. . . at which point, consider it thrown in.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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DEFINITIONS	WORDS
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C. Not one (Dial.)	4 92 109 11
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E. One of Odysseus's companions whom Circe changed into swine.	156 134 68 165 22 13 177
F. City in Arizona.	138 98 60 5
G. Loose outer garment or coat for men; also for women.	20 61 142 36 90 102 127
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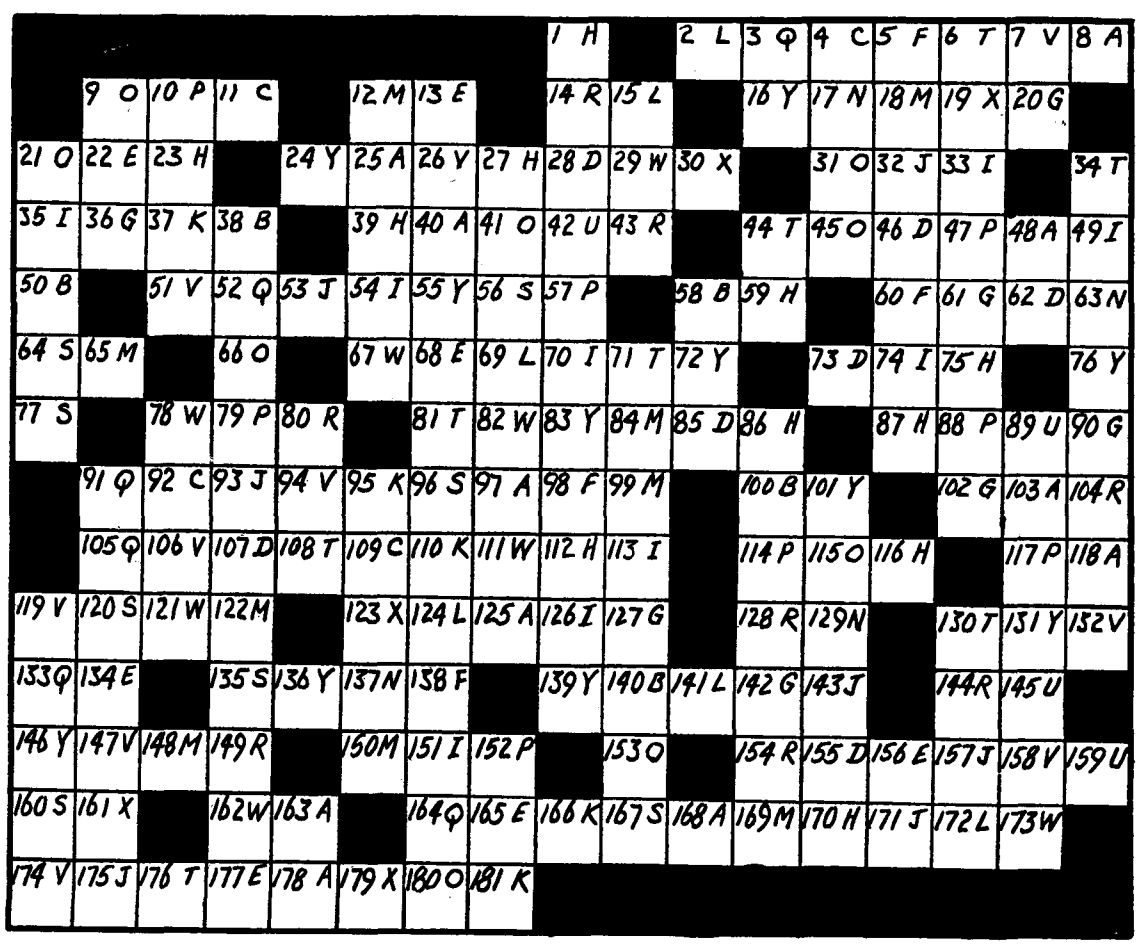
L. Heroine of one of the two love poems by Pope.	69 141 15 124 2 172
M. Factious.	122 18 99 84 12 169 65 150 148

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N Daughter of Eurytus, captive of Hercules (Gr. Myth.)	63 129 17 137
O. An awning or canopy (India).	180 115 153 9 41 66 45 21 31
P. A meteor.	152 88 79 114 117 47 10 57
Q. Absconds; slips away.	3 105 133 91 52 164
R. River and lake in the Adirondacks, Hamilton County.	104 144 154 80 149 128 14 43
S. Characterized by alternation, fluctuation, etc. (Comp.)	135 160 167 64 96 77 120 56
T. Aroused.	44 71 34 176 81 6 108 130
U. A gold piece tied about the bride's neck by the bridegroom and worn during his life (India).	145 89 42 159
V. One who attacks cherished beliefs as shams; a radical.	106 174 132 147 7 119 94 26 51 158
W. In a futile or useless manner.	162 82 111 29 67 121 173 78
X. More recent, fresh, or modern.	161 19 30 179 123
Y. A brief respite (2 wds.)	16 72 146 139 83 24 136 131 76 101 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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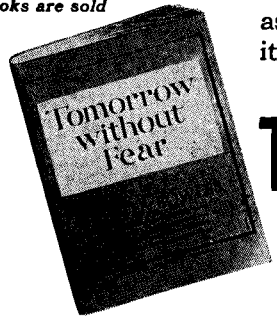

TOMORROW WITHOUT FEAR

by Chester Bowles

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